

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Less variety in number of pieces, dear readers; but the two leading articles are more interesting than a dozen of the best stories!

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OUR COMBUSTIBLES OF COMMON LIFE.

In the good old days departed,
Before Chemistry had started
On the fast career of progress which 'tis trav-
elling at now,
There was naught that went bang louder,
Did more damage than gunpowder.
We have things that far exceed it both in vio-
lence and row.

Modern chemic science culminates
Not only in the fulminates
Of mercury, and silver more destructive of the
two;

But in compounds less expensive,
And in use thus more extensive
Than are those which can be got but by com-
paratively few.

There's the chloride of ammonium,
To be named with small encomium,
And the iodide of nitrogen, employed that
ne'er have been,
For they both consist unsteadily;
Unlike girls, go off too readily:
But in common application we have nitro-
glycerine.

Then the public hold hath gotten
Of that other stuff, gun cotton,
Which for sport, or war, or mining, is a sub-
stance good at need.

When our housewives used to sew up
Cotton garments, of a blow up
With that peaceable material they little dreamt
indeed.

We've all sorts of little matches,
To be fired by rubs or scratches,
And many of them, off, when they are trodden
on, will go,
These are all so many dangers
Whereunto our sires were strangers:
And moreover, add to these the spirit-oils they
didn't know.

There are hydrocarbons various,
Naphtha volatile, precarious,
There are paraffine and petroline that light un-
safe afford;
And in warehouses these matters,
Which, inflamed, blow all to shatters,
Are in quantities immense amid our crowded
cities stored.

Would the Romans and Athenians,
Had they had amongst them Fenians,
And explosive preparations and combustibles
that flare,
Not, with wise and prompt decision,
Have made competent provision
Against having docks, marts, arsenals, and
houses blown in air?

— Punch.

PAX LOQUITUR.

"WHEN Freedom dressed in sunlight vest
Bids every patriot bare his glaive,
Let him who loves her strike his best,
And him who falters die a slave.
But, Man of the Mysterious Brow,
What means this mighty arming now?

"Whom dost thou fear? Who threatens
France?

Make answer, her Elected Lord:
Fall where it will, that look askance,
Where does it spy a hostile sword?
Why all these legions in array?
Peace, whom they startle, bids thee say.

"Dost dread the German's stubborn line,
The German phalanx dark and stern,
(The King whose claim is Right Divine,
While thine is in a juggling urn)
The Lutheran soldier's deadly gun —
Art thou not told its work is done?

"Dost deem Italia's sons may come
To teach the lesson France forgets,
And marching with a Roman drum,
May pay by Seine their Tiber debts?
The only gage they dare to fling
Is insult to their Soldier-King.

"Once there were left no Pyrenees,
Now lours their frowning range again,
No WELLESLEY lives each pass to seize
And cleave the way for thankless Spain:
Nor peril hath thy vision spied
From that dead land that gage thy bride.

"No dread hast thou of Austria's raid,
The Prussian swept her from the path,
And MAXIMILIAN's blood hath paid
Thy ransom from Columbia's wrath.
Dost fear to meet the Russ once more?
That vulture thirsts for Turkish gore.

"And England? Nay, the jest were weak,
She lives by me, and loves me true.
Nor bids her children vainly speak
Of Agincourt and Waterloo.
Man of December, be at rest,
She strikes no unsuspecting breast.

"See where Conscription's hand unfurls
The cursed scroll, thy Marshals' claim!
Why dare thy Marshals tell the girls
To wed the maimed, the blind, the lame?
There is a GOD OF JUSTICE. Smile,
There was a Moscow — and an Isle."

— Punch.

A SENTIMENTAL editor says, "It is comfort-
ing to know that one eye watches fondly for
our coming, and looks brighter when we come."
A contemporary is grieved to learn that his
"brother of the quill has a wife with one eye."

From The Quarterly Review.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
By John Gibson Lockhart. Edinburgh,
1837-38.

OUR readers will doubtless understand the reasons which have hitherto restrained us from formally noticing the very interesting volumes to which we are now about to draw their attention.

Long after the 'Life of Scott' had been completed and published, the 'Quarterly Review' continued to run its course under the management of Scott's accomplished biographer. It was manifestly impossible for Mr. Lockhart to print, in what might be called his own journal, a criticism on a work of which he was himself the author. It was equally impossible, for a good while after Mr. Lockhart's death, that any competent person who had enjoyed his friendship, and the friendship of the great hero of his tale, should touch the subject. Men do not write freely about those whom they have long loved and recently lost; and so year after year stole away without any notice being taken of perhaps the very best piece of biography which is to be found in the English or any other modern language. But time, which softens men's regrets, awakens, or ought to awaken them to a sense of duty; and duty rather to the living than to the dead requires that the silence which we have thus far maintained should at length be broken. For not Lockhart only, but Scott himself, both as a man and as a writer, seems to be in danger of passing — we cannot conceive why — out of the knowledge of the rising generation. Doubtless there will be found at most railway stations cheap copies of Scott's poems and of the Waverley Novels, which travellers purchase, one by one, that they may read them on the journey as they read any worthless trash, and then throw them away. But the instances are rare, we suspect, in which, even among educated persons, young men or young women under five-and-twenty know anything at all either of what Scott wrote or of what he did. Now we look upon this fact, if a fact it be, as a great public misfortune. You cannot find a surer test of the habits of thought in a people than by taking note of the light literature which is most in favour with the young of its educated classes. When we find such great works as 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' and the 'Antiquary' cast aside, in order that young ladies and young gentlemen may break their hearts over the sorrows of bigamists and adulterers, we confess that the impression made upon our minds is not very flattering — we do not

say to the tastes, but to the moral sense of the age. But young ladies and young gentlemen will more easily be persuaded, we think, to seek recreation in the works of an author who has passed from the stage, when they know something of what he himself said and did while yet he trod the boards. Wherefore, postponing for the present everything like critical examination into the merits of Scott's writings, whether in verse or prose, we intend in the following pages to sketch the career of Scott himself; looking, almost exclusively, for the materials wherewith to accomplish this purpose to 'the charming work, the title of which stands at the head of this article.

The Scottish capital has the honour of claiming Sir Walter Scott as one of the most illustrious of the many illustrious sons whom she has reared. He was born in the Old Town of Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771, in an old street called the College Wynd, and in a house which soon after his birth was pulled down in order to make way for a new front to the college itself. His descent, according to his own showing, 'was neither distinguished nor sordid, but such as the prejudices of his country justified him in accounting gentle.' He traced his line back, on the one side, through a succession of Jacobite gentlemen and Moss-troopers, to *Auld Scott of Harden* and his spouse, renowned in border song as 'The Flower of Yarrow.' His pedigree on the other side connected him with the 'Bauld Rutherfords that were sac'nt,' the Mac Douglals of Lorn, and the Swintons of Swinton. All this is duly set forth in the fragment of autobiography with which Mr. Lockhart has prefaced his deeply interesting volumes, besides being emblazoned on the panels of the ceiling in the hall at Abbotsford. But the noblest pedigrees do not necessarily shield those who lay claim to them from the vicissitudes of fortune. There are at this moment in the east of London more than one small shopkeeper whose lineal descent from the Plantagenets cannot be questioned. So it was with the branch of the Scott family to which Sir Walter belonged. His grandfather, after trying and abandoning the humble career of a merchant seaman, settled down upon the lands of Sandy-Knowe as a tenant-farmer under Mr. Scott of Harden. The farmer's eldest son, the father of Sir Walter, was bred, the first of his family, to a town life. Having served an apprenticeship to a Writer to the Signet, he was taken as a partner into the house, and on the death of the head of the firm succeeded to the business. This gentleman, Mr. Walter Scott, married the eldest daugh-

ter of Dr. W. Rutherford, a physician in good practice, and Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Not fewer than twelve children were the fruit of their union. There must, however, have been great delicacy of constitution in the race, for seven out of the twelve died in infancy, and from among the remaining five, one only, Sir Walter himself, barely reached the limits of old age.

At the period of his birth, and for about eighteen months subsequently, Scott was as robust and healthy a child as ever breathed. A full, broad chest, and well-knit frame, gave promise indeed of more than common vigour in after years. And, subject to one grievous defect, this promise was fulfilled. But the nurse, when about to place him one morning in his bath, discovered that he had lost the use of one of his limbs. No one could account for the misfortune, because he had been more than usually playful and active the night before. All that skill and tenderness could devise failed to remove it. At last his parents were recommended to try the effect of country air, and he was sent to Sandy-Knowe. 'It is here,' he says, speaking of himself, 'at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather, that I had the first consciousness of existence;' and how deep and indelible the impression was which the scenery of that romantic spot made upon his imagination, the readers of 'Marmion' and the 'Eve of St. John,' do not need to be reminded. Nor was it exclusively from the features of the landscape, including as these did some of the most striking objects on the Scottish border, that early inspiration came. After spending hours in some sheltered nook, whither the shepherd carried him, that he might look down upon the ewe-milking, and listen to the ewe-milker's songs, he would be borne back again and laid upon a couch, beside which his grandmother and aunt took it by turns to sit, and to keep him in the highest state of happy excitement with their border legends. And when to this we add that to all the neighbours round the sickly child became an object of kindly interest, that one by one they looked in to cheer him with such tales as they could tell — the minister to talk to him about the people whom he had seen, and some of the worthies of Queen Anne's reign with whom he had been acquainted; good Mr. Carte, the farmer at Yet-byre, to describe how brave Scottish cavaliers fought at Prestonpans, and suffered at Carlisle — it is not to be wondered at that he should have grown up to be what he really was, the

most extraordinary combination of the heroic and the practical that the world has witnessed in modern times. For this, in point of fact, was the process of his education for years. As soon as he had learned to read, he read ballads and romances. Before he could put two letters together, ballads, romances, and legends were poured through his ear into his mind; and these, stored up in a tenacious memory, became the elements out of which his moral and intellectual nature grew into shape.

Scott's grandfather was an old man when Scott himself came to Sandy-Knowe; he died before the boy had reached his third year. But no change was thereby occasioned in Walter's circumstances. The widow, assisted by her second son, kept the farm on, and her grandson continued to engross her and her daughter's tenderest care and attention. These were so far rewarded, that, though the limb continued shrunk and withered, the child's general health improved, and improved health brought with it growing energy. The brave little fellow began that struggle against nature, of which he says in his diary that it was maintained throughout life. He first stood, then walked, and by and by, with the help of a stick, began to run. A pony was next provided for him, which he learned to ride with great boldness and to manage with skill. It was thought that the Bath waters might complete the cure thus apparently begun. But though he spent a whole year in Bath, his aunt making the journey with him, nothing came of it, so far as the lameness was concerned. A like result attended his removal to Prestonpans and the application of sea-bathing. Meanwhile his education, using that term in its ordinary sense, was necessarily neglected. He went to no school, there was not the pretence of regularity in his lessons; he was, however, educating himself, as all really great men have usually done. His aunt taught him to read; whatever he read he remembered; and his reading soon became in its own way as large as it was discursive. To what extent this self-education was carried, is shown by a letter from Mrs. Cockburn, the accomplished authoress of the 'Flowers of the Forest.' Writing to one of her friends, in the winter of 1777, she says:—

'I last night supped at Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on, it was the description of a shipwreck. His

passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands, "There's the mast gone," says he, "crash it goes. They will all perish!" After his agitation, he turns to me. "That is too melancholy," says he, "I had better read you something more amusing." I preferred a little chat, and asked him his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was—How strange it is that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything—that must be the poet's fancy, says he. But when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. "What lady?" says she. "Why Mrs. Cockburn, for I think she is a virtuous like myself." "Dear Walter," says Aunt Jenny, "what is a virtuous?" "Don't you know? Why it's one who wishes and will know everything." Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray what age do you suppose this boy to be? Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing. He is not quite six years old.

Another point connected with this early stage in Sir Walter's career deserves notice. He read men and things as closely, and remembered them as well, as he did books. The first play that he ever witnessed he saw in Bath, when he was scarcely five years old. He never forgot it, nor the effect which it produced upon him. The name of Dugald Dalgetty, one of the best drawn characters in all his romances, he took from a half pay veteran of George II.'s reign, whom he met at Prestonpans. Indeed it is marvellous how, from year to year, and in one locality after another, he gathered up from boyhood scenes, characters, incidents, all of which, as the occasion arose, were drawn forth from the great storehouse of his memory and turned to account. With him the child was indeed the father to the man.

Lockhart says that 'Walter's progress in horsemanship probably reminded his father that it was time he should be learning other things beyond the department of Aunt Jenny and Uncle Thomas.' Be this as it may, the Writer brought his lame son home in 1778; and the same year, after trying first a little private school, and then a private tutor, sent him with his brothers to the High School. His progress there was, by all accounts, more eccentric than steady. He never had patience, then or in after life, to attend to the technicalities of grammar or syntax; but his quick apprehension and powerful memory enabled him to perform with little labour the usual routine of tasks. His place in the class was usually about the middle, with a tendency downwards rather than upwards. Yet his exceeding readiness, and

a habit into which he fell of versifying such exercises as were taken from the Latin poets, won him the esteem and respect of the Rector, Dr. Adam. The following instance of his readiness is worth giving.

It happened on one occasion that a stupid boy, boggling at the meaning of the Latin word *cum*, was asked, 'What part of speech is *with*? The dolt replied, 'A substantive'. The Rector, after a moment's pause, thought it worth while to ask the *dux*, or head boy, whether *with* was ever a substantive. No answer was given by him or by others, till it came to Scott's turn, when he replied, 'And Samson said unto Delilah, if they bind me with seven *withs* that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and as another man.'

It was not, however, his quickness in such matters that rendered Walter—what he very soon became—a special favourite with his school-fellows. Two qualities he possessed which are with boys irresistible. He was brave, and, as they were not long in finding out, a capital story-teller. His bravery he exhibited in feats of climbing, such as, considering his lameness, appeared to be miraculous. And he was always ready to fight, provided his opponent would meet him, face to face, both strapped upon a plank. As to his stories, they were at once wondrous and interminable. Many a lesson was indifferently learned in consequence of the eagerness of his class-fellows to listen, even in school-hours; and happy were they who, when the business of school was over—or before it began—succeeded in getting nearest to him in the circle which was drawn round the fire.

Five years constituted the regular course of training at the High School, and Walter went through them, not, however, without some interruptions. He outgrew his strength, and in consequence of illness was more than once removed. It was on one of these occasions, while residing with his aunt at Kelso, that he made the acquaintance of the brothers Ballantyne, with whom in after life his connection became so intimate. They were the sons of a shopkeeper, and attended the grammar school of the town; at which Walter also—with a view to keep his classics from entirely rusting—gave occasional attendance. His talent as a *raconteur* drew the Ballantynes towards him, for they were as eager to listen as he was ready to narrate; and there sprang up between them that intimacy which seldom fails, among young people, to be created by something like reverence on the one side, and great geniality on the other. The Ballantynes

were not, however, the only acquaintances formed in Kelso which reappear in the after life of the subject of this sketch. Not far from the town there dwelt an amiable Quaker and his wife, with whose son young Scott struck up an intimacy, and from whom he received great kindness, especially in the free use which they allowed him to make of their well-selected library. This worthy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Waldie, stood in after years for the originals of Joshua Geddes, of Mount Sharon, and his amiable sister. In like manner, Mr. Whale, the schoolmaster himself—an absent, grotesque being, between six and seven feet high—reappears, at least partially, in the character of Dominie Sampson. And so it was wherever Scott went. No peculiarity of manner, speech, habit of thought, or appearance ever escaped him. All oddities which he encountered, whether in men or women, became stereotyped in his imagination, and were brought forth again, and turned to use one by one, as his occasions required.

It was determined to educate Walter for his father's profession; and he passed, with this view, from the High School to the College. His career in the classes which he attended there resembled in all essential points his career at school. He made no figure either as a classic or a metaphysician. But he persevered in a practice long ere this begun, and became an eager collector, in a small way, of old ballads and stories. It was about this time also that he made his first essay in original composition. Two copies of verses bearing the date 1783 have been preserved, one upon a thunderstorm, the other on the setting sun, of which he himself gives the following ludicrous account. 'They were much approved, until a malevolent critic sprang up in the shape of an apothecary's wife, who affirmed that my most sweet poetry was copied from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the woman's memory. She, indeed, accused me unjustly when she said I had stolen my poem ready-made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right. I made one or two faint attempts at verses after I had undergone this sort of daw-plucking; but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses into the fire; and like Dprax in the play, I submitted, though with a swelling heart.'

Of Walter's antiquarian and poetic propensities, the worthy Writer, his father, either knew nothing or pretended to know

nothing. A stern Presbyterian and Calvinist, he affected to hold all light literature in abhorrence; yet Whig and Presbyterian as he was, he reckoned among his clients many representatives of old Jacobite families, with whom in the course of business his son came a good deal into contact. But rarely did Mr. Scott invite any one to his table. Walter therefore grew up knowing nothing of what is called society, and finding companionship chiefly among writers' clerks and apprentices. We gather, also, from hints which are thrown out from time to time in Mr. Lockhart's narrative, that even in the article of dress the young Scotts were a good deal neglected. In his mother, however, he found a spirit in many respects akin with his own. She appears to have had considerable taste for letters, and encouraged her son in his pursuits; though even into her mind the idea seems never to have entered that he was one day to take a foremost place among British authors.

We find Walter again smitten down with illness, soon after he had entered college. On this occasion he burst a blood-vessel; and was compelled for many months to remain in a recumbent position, fed on pulse, and exposed to as much cold as he could bear. He submitted without a murmur to this severe discipline, and found consolation in poetry, romance, and the enthusiasm of young friendship. The bed on which he lay was piled with a constant succession of words of fiction; and John Irving, his companion from the earliest of his school-days, spent hour after hour beside him. His recovery was completed by a second visit to Kelso, where his uncle, Captain Robert Scott, owned a pleasant villa. 'With this illness,' says Scott in his autobiography, 'I bade farewell both to disease and medicine. . . . My frame became gradually hardened with my constitution, and being both tall and muscular, I was rather disfigured than disabled by my lameness. This personal disadvantage did not prevent me from taking much exercise on horseback and making long journeys on foot, in the course of which I often walked from twenty to thirty miles a day.' Accordingly, when the College session of 1785-6 opened, he was able to resume his studies. But the time was come for beginning the actual business of life, and on the 15th of May, 1786, the articles of apprenticeship to his father were signed. This circumstance so far interfered with his habits that he was constrained to devote a portion of his time every day to the work of the office. But

there was in this no real hardship to him. On the contrary, it made him a ready penman; and as writers' apprentices are paid a small premium on every paper which they copy, he earned enough to gratify, more than ever he had previously done, the ruling passion of his nature. Every shilling which rewarded his industry was laid out in the purchase of books, among which Evan's 'Ballads' and Mickle's 'Cumnor Hall' seems to have especially delighted him; and the pleasure derived from the latter, at least, never died out. 'After the labours of the day,' says Mr. Irving, 'we often walked to the *Meadows* (a large field intersected by formal alleys of trees, adjoining George's Square,) especially in the moonlight nights; and he seemed never weary of repeating the first stanza:

"The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

That the impression made by this poem was as clear as it was enduring, we have the best proof in the later composition of 'Kenilworth'; indeed, it was only by an accident that to that grand story the title of Cumnor Hall was not given.

Having referred to Mr. Irving, we may here mention that throughout the whole of their earlier career that gentleman and Walter Scott were inseparable, though in after years they did not see much of each other. There was a great similarity of taste between the young men. They both delighted in legends and romances. They were both prone to indulge the imaginative faculty. They even studied together Italian and Spanish, in order that they might the better enjoy the charming tales of Tasso, Ariosto, and Cervantes. With young Scott, however, it was in Italian and Spanish as it had been in Latin, and as it afterwards became in German — he never took the trouble to make himself an accurate scholar. Enough for him if he could extract the meaning, or enjoy the beauties of his author. For whether it were an ancient or a modern book which came in his way — whether an English, an Italian, a Spanish, a German, or a Latin classic — his sole object in perusing it was to pick out from it the ideas which recommended themselves to his taste or judgment. In no single instance did he dream of making it a means of ascertaining, far less of settling, the niceties of idiom or of grammar. We

have specified these five tongues, omitting Greek altogether, for this obvious reason — that Scott never mastered the grammar of that noble language, and had latterly forgotten the very letters.

Imaginative lads are usually as peculiar in the selection of their favourite haunts as in the choice of their pursuits. It was the practice of Walter and his friend Irving to walk sometimes as far as the Salisbury Craigs, and, choosing out some spot on the face of the hill all but inaccessible, to climb up thither, and there sit for hours, either reading together one of the romances with which the circulating library had supplied them, or telling to each other tales, usually of knight-errantry, which had no ending. This habit of wandering grew upon Scott to such an extent, that he occasionally strayed so far, or lost himself so completely, as to be unable to regain his home by the time he was expected. At first his parents suffered much uneasiness on his account. But the practice became by-and-by so frequent, that by degrees they grew accustomed to it, and kept their minds comparatively easy, even when he remained abroad all night.

The most agreeable of Walter's duties, while apprenticed to his father, were those which carried him from time to time into the rural districts where some of Mr. Scott's clients lived. It was thus that he repeatedly visited the border counties, penetrating sometimes as far as the remote valleys of the Cheviots. He studied character there, and began that collection of songs and ballads which grew into the work which first fixed on him the attention of the public. Under similar circumstances he made his earliest acquaintance with the Highlands. Meanwhile his own inner nature was powerfully affected by what he saw and heard. Marching at the head of an armed party, in order to execute some process of *horning*, he lived, as he threaded the defile of the Trossachs, with Rob Roy and Roderic Dhu. The stories told him by old Stewart of Invernahyle entered into his soul, and became a portion of his being.

Young men intended for the humbler branch of the legal profession in Scotland are, equally with aspirants for the advocate's gown, required to attend a course of lectures in the University on Civil law. In 1788 Scott entered the Civil-law class, and the incident wrought a wondrous change in his position and prospects. It renewed for him some desirable acquaintances which he had formed at the High School, and enabled him to contract others not less to his

mind. These latter belonged exclusively to the class of youths whom, in 'Redgauntlet,' he designates 'the *Scottish noblesse de la Robe*.' They comprised, among others, William Clerk of Eldin, George Abercrombie (afterwards Lord Abercrombie), Sir Patrick Murray of Ochertyre, John James Edmonstone of Newton, Mr. Murray of Simprim, and George Cranstoun, later in life Lord Corehouse. All of these, besides being well connected, were young men of personal mark, clever, intelligent, bent on winning distinction, free and engaging in their manners, and strictly honourable. Scott, though at first his appearance told against him, soon broke down by the power and diversity of his talents whatever barrier of restraint stood, at the outset, between them. Mr. Clerk, for example, has left the statement upon record that he was struck, on the first day of Scott's entrance into the Civil-law classroom, with something odd, yet remarkable in the young man's appearance. What that something was, he could not quite recall; but he remembered, telling his companions some time afterwards, that he thought he looked like a *hautboy* player. But, once the ice was thawed, all recollection of the *hautboy* player melted with it; and the uncouth lad was accepted freely and gratefully as one of themselves. 'The liveliness of his conversation, the strange variety of his knowledge, and above all, perhaps, the portentous tenacity of his memory,' riveted more and more the attention of the circle into which he was in due time admitted. Whether it were at convivial meetings, or in feats of personal activity and prowess, he showed himself, on all occasions, well able to hold his own.

There were other bonds of union between Scott and his new acquaintances than those enumerated above. They were all fond of making long excursions on foot; so was he, and he taught them to combine with field sports a love of scenery, especially if it were connected with traditions of old romance. They accordingly explored under his guidance all the ruined castles and abbeys within a circuit of many miles round the capital and found him the best of cicerones. They had adopted, likewise, the prevalent tastes of the day, and discussed literary and scientific subjects with characteristic boldness. For our readers must remember that we are speaking of a time when the Scottish capital was, or was believed by her citizens to be, at the head of the literature and sciences of the world. Reid had just vacated the chair of metaphysics, that he might be succeeded by Du-

gald Stewart. Professor Robison stood deservedly high as a mathematician and natural philosopher. Adam Smith, though he taught in Glasgow, passed as much of his time as possible in Edinburgh. Hume had recently died, but Robertson survived. Monboddo and Ferguson were both there; and Home, the author of 'Douglas,' and Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' contributed, each after his own fashion, to make up that galaxy of light by which the rest of the world was supposed to be dazzled. The young men composing the set of which Scott was a member, though they could not pretend to vie with these stars of the first magnitude, were ambitious of moving in the same orbit. They got up a Debating Club, which they called the Literary Society, and met from time to time to consider points of history, law, general literature, and antiquarian research. In the discussion of all these subjects Scott showed himself eminently well informed. 'He had already dabbled in Anglo-Saxon and the Norse Sagas, but he was deep especially in Fordun and Wyntoun, and all the Scotch chroniclers; and his friends rewarded him by the honourable title of "*Duns Scotus*." It is a remarkable fact, however, that his speeches or addresses, though full of knowledge, were by no means brilliant. Indeed Scott, though confessedly one of the most agreeable talkers that ever lived, had very little of the orator about him. Even later in life, when his fame pervaded Europe, and the consciousness of his proper place in the world might have given him confidence, this distrust of his own power as a speaker continued to hang about him; and it was only on rare occasions, when his feelings happened to be strongly worked upon, that he expressed himself eloquently.

Besides this Debating Club, there was another, which appears to have been rather social than literary, and to have consisted of the *élite* of that somewhat miscellaneous body of which the Literary Society was composed. Of that, also, Scott was a member. It held its meetings every Friday evening in a room in Carrubbers Close, whence an adjournment usually took place for supper to an oyster tavern in the neighbourhood. There 'high jinks,' such as are described in 'Guy Mannering,' went on. The Club gradually changed its character, however, as the members grew older, and merged at last into an annual dinner, from which, during thirty years, Scott made a point of never absenting himself.

Such associations as these had a twofold effect upon Walter Scott. They more and

more gave dominance to the half-real, half-ideal, views of life which were natural to him; and they disgusted him with that branch of the legal profession for which he was intended. His father wisely and considerately abstained from pressing him on the subject; and Walter, relinquishing to his younger brother his share in the writer's business, became, in 1792, an advocate—or, as we should say in the south, was called to the bar.

Before he assumed the advocate's robe, Scott had been elected into the Speculative Society of Edinburgh. It was, and we believe still continues to be, like the Literary Society of the Juniors spoken of elsewhere, a sort of Club, into which gentlemen about to put on the gown are admitted; and in which many, after they have become advocates, continue, for lack of more lucrative employment, to exercise themselves in the arts of eloquence and debate. For this Society he wrote several essays, and entered so heartily into its proceedings, that, soon after becoming a member, he was nominated Secretary and Treasurer. There he made, among other valuable acquaintances, that of Jeffrey, between whom and himself a warm friendship sprang up, which neither differences in political opinion, nor the warmth and earnestness with which each held his own, ever seriously interrupted.

Whether or no Walter Scott, had he laid himself out for briefs, would have become first a successful advocate, and, by and by, a judge, is a question which concerns us little to ask, and still less to answer. He never did lay himself out for briefs; the tastes and habits which he contracted in childhood abode with and controlled him through all his after years. He used whatever legal knowledge he acquired, as he used all his other knowledge, for one purpose. The law became as much idealised to him, as were border ballads and Scandinavian Sagas. He estimated, perhaps above its real value, his social status as an advocate, and swept the outer court, like others of his class, day by day looking for business. But he was infinitely more in his element joking and telling stories on the Mountain, than conducting or trying to conduct a case before the judges.* So also, when the Courts rose, he hurried away to the border, or passed from house to house, among the country residences of his allies,

* The Mountain was a particular corner in the outer house, where barristers without briefs congregated, and amused each other and all who came near them with witty talk. Scott soon became as remarkable in this place, as he had been at the High School, for his stories.

combining amusement with antiquarian research. Here is the account which he gives of himself three months after the advocate's gown had been assumed:—

Rosebank, 10th Sept., 1792.

'DEAR WILLIE [CLERK],

... 'I am lounging about the country here, to speak sincerely, as idle as the day is long. Two companions of mine, brothers of Mr. Walker of Wooden, having come to this country, we have renewed a great intimacy. As they live directly on the opposite bank of the river [the Tweed], we have signals agreed upon by which we concert a plan of operations for the day. They are both officers and very intelligent young fellows, and what is of some consequence, have a brace of fine greyhounds. Yesterday forenoon we killed seven hares, so you may see how plenty the game is with us. I have turned a keen duck-shooter, though my success is not very great; and when wading through the marshes upon this errand, accoutred with the long gun, a jacket, musquito trowsers, and a rough cap, I might well pass for one of my redoubted moss-trooper progenitors, Walter Fire-the-braes, or rather Willie-with-the-bolt-foot. For other outdoor amusement, I have constructed a seat in a large tree which stretches its branches horizontally over the Tweed. This is a favorite situation of mine for reading, especially on a day like this, when the west-wind rocks the branches on which I am perched, and the river rolls its waves below me of a turbid blood colour. I have, moreover, cut an embrasure through which I can fire upon the gulls, herons, or cormorants, as they fly screaming past my nest. To crown all, I have carved an inscription on it, in the ancient runic taste.'

We have alluded elsewhere to Scott's habit of dabbling in various modern languages, for it cannot be said with truth that he ever made himself critically master of one. In 1792 he joined a class for the study of German. The attention of the educated youths of Edinburgh had been drawn to that noble tongue, first by a paper read before the Royal Society by the author of 'The Man of Feeling,' and next by the publication of Lord Woodhouselee's version of Schiller's 'Robbers.' By and by Scott began to translate, and in 1795 produced the most spirited, if not the most correct version, of Bürger's 'Leonore,' that we have in the English language. With this, which may be called the first of his literary efforts, is mixed up an event in his personal history, over which Mr. Lockhart has judged it expedient to throw a veil of mystery, for which, as it appears to us, there was no real occasion. Not by us, however, shall secrets be revealed, which

were considered worth keeping twenty years ago, though to tell the tale, at least in outline, seems to be a necessity.

For some time after he had begun to associate exclusively with the members of the Club and the Speculative Society, Scott continued to be as careless, not to say slovenly, in his attire, as he used to be when a school-boy and a writer's apprentice. All at once his habits changed in this respect, and he became a well-dressed young man — a squire, as his companions pronounced him, of dames. He had fallen in love with a young lady whom he encountered at the church door, and convoyed to her own home, sheltered from the rain by his umbrella. His family and hers were not on any terms of intimacy. Mr. Scott happened, indeed, to be her father's solicitor; but the man of business did not pretend, probably did not desire, to be reckoned among the familiars of his client. Indeed, so honourably sensitive on that head was the Writer, that he no sooner observed how matters were tending with the young people, than he considered himself bound to put the lady's father on his guard. The warning was well received and made light of, and the acquaintance went on, more especially as young Scott made his way, as he soon afterwards did, into the set of which the young lady's brother was a member. Hence it came to pass that he met the young lady herself frequently, not in Edinburgh only, but in her own and other country houses, and that she, being addicted to poetry and romance, received him frankly and kindly as often as he came.*

This sort of intimacy was kept up for years, throughout the whole interval, indeed, between 1792 and 1796; and Scott regarded it as he regarded all things else, through the medium of his own imagination, flattered himself that his passion was reciprocated. No word escaped him, however, to the lady herself, either in conversation or writing, indicative of the state of his own feelings. He resembled in this respect the most bashful of the bashful lovers described in his novels. He told his secret to many of his friends, and among others to Miss Cranstoun, afterwards Countess of Parghall, but to the object of his devotion he said nothing. It is worthy of remark, however, that neither the passion itself, nor the secrecy in which it was nourished, exercised the slightest untoward influence over his character. As first love is apt to do with such as him it deepened in him the poetic temperament; but it made him neither less industrious nor less manly.

The interval between 1792 and 1796 was, it will be remembered, one of great political agitation in Scotland. The rebound of the French revolution had been felt there as much as in other European countries, and society divided itself into two classes — the friends of order and the champions of confusion. Scott, as was to be expected, sided heart and soul with the former. He took a prominent part in many a row which had something else than the pleasure of breaking heads for its object. As a special constable he drove riotous mobs from the streets, just as in his private capacity he helped to clear the theatre of Irish and other democrats who refused to uncover when 'God Save the King' was sung. And having done these things he returned with increased zest to his business in court, his private studies, and the society of his friends. We find him, in 1793, defending in the General Assembly a minister charged before that court with habitual drunkenness and indecency. He failed to bring off his client, whose character seems to have been indefensible. But he had contrived, in hunting for evidence through the scenery of Guy Mannering, to lay up innumerable pictures, and to find various names, among others that of Macguffog, of which excellent use was made in due season. Just before this trial came on, he had set off with Adam Ferguson, a class-fellow in the High School, and a friend for life, on a tour through some of the finest districts in Stirlingshire, Perthshire, and Forfarshire. In the course of this tour he halted in succession at Tullibody, Newton, Cambusmore, Craighall, and Meikle. Each supplied him with materials for future use. From Mr. Abercrombie, of Tullibody, the father of Sir Ralph, and the grandfather of his own friend of the Mount, Mr., afterwards Lord Abercrombie, he received an account of certain incidents which occurred to that gentleman, all of which we find detailed in the narrative of the Baron of Bradwardine's dealings with his troublesome neighbours, including the visit to the cavern of Donald Bean Lean, with its curious accompaniments. At Newton,* a villa on the banks of the Teith, the grounds of which run up to the stately ruins of Doune Castle, he heard how John Home, and other prisoners to the Highland army, had escaped from that fortalice. He did not forget the story when he sat down to write 'Waverley.' From Cambusmore

* Newton has changed, since those days, both its name and its ownership. It is now the property of John Campbell, Esq., by whom the present beautiful château was built; and has become Inverardoch.

he made himself familiar with every rood of the landscape through which the scenes in the 'Lady of the Lake' are carried;—not excepting those which are glanced at, as Fitz-James pursues his fiery ride from the banks of Loch-Vennachar, after the duel with Roderick Dhu, to Stirling Castle. Craighall, the seat of the Ratterays, supplemented by a feature or two from Brunsfield House and Ravelstone, became for him *Tully-veolan*; and Meikle brought him into contact with more than one *Balmawhapple*, as well as with *Old Mortality*, whom he found in the flesh, scraping, under the more familiar name of Robert Paterson, the moss from the tombs of the martyrs, in the churchyard of Dunottar. Thus, in town and country, at his desk, or breathing the pure air of heaven, his mind appears to have been continually busy, and busy in such a way as to render the world of living men a thousand times less real to him than the world which he was creating.

Doubtless it was, to some extent at least, the spirit of chivalry which was in him, that induced him about this time to take a leading part in getting up a regiment of yeomanry cavalry in the Lothians. Already England was threatened with invasion, and corps of volunteer infantry turned out everywhere. Edinburgh itself produced a most efficient battalion, in which barristers served as privates, and judges as field-officers. Scott's lameness prevented his enrolling himself in that battalion, as his brothers had done. But finding an example set by the Londoners, he moved the Duke of Buccleuch, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, to apply for permission to embody some squadrons of light horse; and the permission being granted, Scott at once took service with that force in the capacity of Lieutenant and Quartermaster. His strong black charger, which he named *Leonore*, was ridden in many a day's training on Portobello sands, not without a yearning desire on the part of the rider that he might one day be enabled to lead a charge against a real enemy.

Thus far the tide of fortune may be said to have rolled with a steady current in Scott's favour. He was in fair practice at the bar, considering his age and standing. The advocates had appointed him one of their librarians. He was rapidly establishing a good name, as a man of genius and great research. He was about to experience his first sorrow, and it was a bitter one. Encouraged in part by the success of his translation, in part by the partial assurances of his friend, Miss Cranstoun, he made up his

mind to tell his tale of love; and finding himself under the same roof with the object of his affections, he besought her to give him her heart, and was rejected. She had no heart to give. Another had it in his keeping, and he was one of Walter's dearest friends. It would be ungenerous, if it were possible, to depict his feelings on that occasion. This much, however, we are bound to say, that he overmastered them with a power of will which is marvellous; and, carrying in his soul a grief which never died, he never allowed it—no, not even for a day—to stand between him and the manly exercise of his faculties. He quitted the house, made his way into Perthshire, and threw himself, with apparently increased zeal, into the researches which were to him at once business and recreation, while, strange to say, only one short poem by his hand survives to tell that such an incident ever befell him. There is, however, no doubt that there are traces of her in the heroines of the '*Lay*,' '*Rokeby*,' and '*Redgauntlet*.'

The translation of '*Leonore*,' though executed in 1794, was not published till two years afterwards. Under the pressure of disappointment, he took eagerly to composition, and in October of 1796, he made his first appearance as an author, printing, in a handsome quarto volume, this, with another of Bürger's ballads, '*The Wild Huntsman*.' In the publication of this work he was greatly assisted by Mrs. Scott, of Harden, the daughter of Count Brühl, of Markkirchen, long Saxon Minister at the Court of St. James's, who appears to have been a very charming, as she was undoubtedly a highly accomplished and beautiful woman. To her, soon after her arrival at Merton, Walter got introduced; and, seeing under his then somewhat awkward exterior marks of high genius, she at once took him by the hand, and proved in many ways serviceable to him.

The translation, though much and deservedly admired, proved a failure as a mercantile adventure. Many other versions of the same poems were in the market, and Scott's, though undoubtedly not inferior to the best, never exhausted a single edition. This in no degree daunted his courage or damped his energy. He resumed his search after border legends and border ballads, and succeeded by degrees in acquiring a vast and valuable amount of both. He was earnestly engaged in this pursuit, which was relieved, now by attendance in the parliament-house, now by cavalry exercises, when he saw for the first time, and became at once attracted by, the lady whom not long afterwards he

made his wife. The story of this courtship would be hard to understand, did not all experience vouch for the fact, that the heart suffering under a disappointment in its affections turns instinctively to some other object for relief. So at least it certainly was with Scott; for within less than a year after receiving his wound, he went with his brother and Adam Ferguson to the little Border watering-place of Gilsland, and encountered there a lady on horseback, who rode well, sat gracefully, and appeared to be very beautiful. All the three young men were struck, and they managed the same night to get introduced to her at a ball. She proved to be a Miss Carpenter or Charpentier, the daughter of a widow lady, whose husband, a French employé had died during the revolution, after sending his family to England. The guardian of this lady and of her brother, who went to India in the civil service, was the Marquess of Downshire. Scott had known her barely a month or six weeks when he proposed. The Marquess gave his approval, and, on the 24th Dec. 1797, the young couple were married in the parish church of St. Mary, Carlisle.

Such was the abrupt beginning of a union which lasted through many years; and, in spite of the most marked dissimilarity of tastes between husband and wife, proved, upon the whole, to be a fairly happy one. It seems to have been peculiarly so at the outset. Scott took his bride to lodgings, while a house in Castle Street was preparing for them, and introduced her to his family and friends. The family soon took to her, with one exception. His friends, and especially the Club, were charmed with her. She made a capital hostess at his small evening parties, and would have been delighted to go with him to the play every night in the week. And here we may observe, once for all, that for dramatic performances, and the companionship of clever actors, Scott had the keenest relish. Few men saw more of him, or were deeper in his confidence, than Daniel Terry. The Siddonses male and female were his friends, and Matthews shared his hospitality on every possible occasion. But Scott believed himself to be now in a position to indulge that love of the country and its pleasures which was inherent in him. Reserving his house in Castle Street for a town residence during term time, he hired a cottage near Lasswade, which he fitted up with much taste. It may be doubted whether his enjoyment of life was ever more pure, more innocent, or more rational, than during the early years of his residence there. Lasswade

stands in the midst of scenery^s than which few districts in the lowlands of Scotland can present anything more beautiful. It is surrounded at short distances by gentlemen's seats, which were in those days inhabited, among others, by the Duke of Buccleuch, the grandfather of the present duke; by Lord Melville, the father of Scott's friends Robert and William Dundas; by the 'Man of feeling,' Mr. Mackenzie; and by Lord Woodhouselee, one of Scott's ancient familiars. All these threw open their doors to receive the rising man of genius and his bride; while his own more humble roof gave shelter and entertainment to old friends who seldom failed once or twice in every week to visit him from Edinburgh. Moreover at Lasswade he may be considered as having for the first time, and in a marked manner, surrendered himself to the sway of his ruling passion. The circumstances were these:—

Seventy years ago few living writers stood higher in public estimation than Matthew Lewis. The 'Monk' was then in the zenith of its glory; and of 'Alonzo the Brave' and 'Durandarte' critics and connoisseurs could not say enough. The author of these famous performances came to Scotland, and Scott was gratified beyond measure with the attentions which Lewis paid him. They met in Edinburgh; they met at Dalkeith. He was Scott's guest and the guest of the yeomanry, when it turned out for permanent duty at Mussleburgh. All this was the result of some communications which had passed in London between the great *littérateur* and Scott's friend William Erskine; in the course of which Erskine gave to Lewis a copy of Scott's version of 'Leonore' to read. Lewis, though robust neither in mind nor body, was not a fool. He saw at once the great merit of the performance, and being then engaged in collecting materials for his 'Tales of Wonder,' he proposed, through Erskine, that Scott should become a contributor to that work. Accepting the proposal, Scott was ready in a short time with the ballads which he had promised. Lewis, however, was not ready, and the publication of the 'Tales of Wonder,' hung fire. They did not indeed make their appearance till 1801. This chafed Scott a little, which Lewis perceiving, encouraged him to go on with the translation of Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlichingen, of the Iron Hand;' and negotiated the sale of it as a separate copyright for 25*l*. Another long pause ensued, during which Scott accidentally renewed the acquaintance of James Ballantyne, of whom as a school-fellow of his at Kelso we have elsewhere spoken.

James had become the proprietor as well as the printer of a weekly newspaper in Kelso, and hearing that Scott was on a visit at Rosebank, he called upon him. His object was to propose that Scott, whose name was high among his friends as a man of talent, should supply the 'Kelso Mail' occasionally with a few paragraphs on some legal questions of the day. Scott assented; and, carrying his article himself to the printing-office, he took along with it some of the pieces which he had prepared for Lewis's collection. With these, especially with the 'Morlachian fragment after Goethe,' Ballantyne was delighted, expressing great regret that Lewis's book was so slow to make its appearance. The conversation went on, and Scott before parting threw out a casual observation, that he wondered his old friend did not try to get some bookseller's work to keep his types in play during the rest of the week. The obvious answer came that Ballantyne had no acquaintance with the trade in Edinburgh, nor any means of establishing it. 'Well,' said Scott, 'you have been praising my little ballads; suppose you print off a dozen copies or so of as many as will make a pamphlet, sufficient to let my Edinburgh acquaintances judge of your skill for themselves?' The suggestion was at once acted upon. Twelve copies of 'Willie and Ellen,' as many of the 'Fire King,' the 'Chase,' and of a few more were thrown off, with the title 'Apology for Tales of Terror.' We give what follows in the words of Scott's loving biographer:—

'This first specimen of a press, afterwards so celebrated, pleased Scott: and he said to Ballantyne, "I have been for years collecting old Border Ballads, and I think I could, with little trouble, put together such a selection from them as might make a neat little volume, to sell for four or five shillings. I will talk to some of the booksellers about it when I get to Edinburgh, and if the thing goes on, you shall be the printer. Ballantyne highly relished the proposal; and the result of this little experiment changed wholly the course of his worldly fortunes, as well as of his friend's.'

Scott returned home full of the plan, and was shortly afterwards rendered doubly free to follow without misgiving the bent of his own inclinations. The office of sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire became vacant by the death of an early ally of his own, a Mr. Plummer, of Middlestead, a scholar and an antiquary, who had entered with zeal into all Scott's border researches. The community of tastes between the two men may

have had some part in suggesting to the Duke of Buccleuch, that a better successor to Mr. Plummer than Scott could not be found. Be that as it may, the Duke's influence was used to obtain the vacant sheriffship for his clansman; and Lord Melville, with whom then rested the distribution of government patronage in Scotland, readily acceded to the Duke's request. The result was that on the 16th of Dec., 1799, he was gazetted to the sheriffship, and added thereby just 300*l.* to his annual income.

Easy now in his circumstances, Scott threw himself with exceeding ardour into literary pursuits. His was not, however, the mind of a mere dreamer or poet; at all events his dreams were at once more vivid, and in one sense far more practical, than fill the brains of poets in general. He was ambitious of rising to more than poetic fame in the world, and the measures for achieving that end which occurred to him at this moment were most original. He conceived the idea, not alone of establishing James Ballantyne as a printer in Edinburgh, but of himself becoming a partner in the concern.

'Three branches of printing are quite open in Edinburgh,' he writes, 'all of which I am well convinced you have both the ability and inclination to unite in your own person. The first is that of an editor of a newspaper, which shall contain something of an uniform historical deduction of events distinct from the farago of detached and unconnected plagiarisms from the London paragraphs of "The Sun." Perhaps it might be possible (and Gillon * has promised to make inquiry about it) to treat with the proprietors of some established paper—suppose the "Caledonian Mercury"—and we would all struggle to obtain for it some celebrity. To this might be added a Monthly Magazine and Caledonian Annual Register, if you will; for both of which with the excellent literary assistance which Edinburgh at present affords, there is a fair opening. The next object would naturally be the execution of Session papers, the best paid work which a printer undertakes, and of which, I dare say, you would soon have a considerable share; for as you make it your business to superintend the proofs yourself, your education and ability would ensure your employers against the gross and provoking blunders which the poor composers are often obliged to submit to. The publication of works, either ancient or modern, opens a third fair field for ambition. The only gentleman who attempts anything in that way is in very bad health, nor can I, at any rate, compliment either the accuracy or the execution

* A writer in Edinburgh, a man of great natural ability, of whose judgment Scott entertained a high opinion, but whose habits of intemperance quite broke down.

of his press. I believe it is well understood that with equal attention an Edinburgh press would have superior advantages even to those of the Metropolis.'

This is a bold plan, and the means of carrying it into effect are scarcely less so.

'In the meanwhile the "Kelso Mail" might be so arranged as to be still a source of some advantage to you; and I dare say, if wanted, pecuniary assistance might be procured to assist you, at the outset, *either upon terms of a share or otherwise.*'

It was clearly of pecuniary assistance on *terms of a share*, that Scott was already thinking; and before long steps were taken to convert the vision into a reality.

Meanwhile Scott went forward with the preparation of the first work which was to make his name known on both sides of the Tweed. 'During seven successive years he made a *raid*, as he called it, into Liddesdale, exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined *peel* from foundation to battlement.' Wherever he heard of a ballad he hunted it up, either in person or through the instrumentality of assistants, almost all of whom were destined themselves to acquire in after years more or less of distinction in the world. Leyden was one of these, a man born in a shepherd's cottage, who, when the Edinburgh philosophers found him out, astonished them all by the extent and variety of his knowledge. He was a frequenter of an obscure bookshop in the old town, kept by a bookseller, by name Constable, who very good-naturedly allowed the raw poor youth of nineteen to come and read whatever his shelves contained, and they contained many treasures. Leyden was introduced to Scott by Richard Heber, an accidental visitor to Edinburgh, but already one of Scott's correspondents, and a collector wherever he went of literary curiosities. Him Scott found to be of the greatest possible use, and he was happy in being able to pay back the obligation, while at the same time he benefited society by contributing, not long afterwards, to the start of so remarkable a man. Leyden, we need scarcely add, died too soon in India, just as he had established a reputation there second only to that of Sir William Jones.

Another of Scott's assistants was James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, a genius without conduct, whom everybody admired in his writings, but whom nobody could serve. Hogg knew or affected to know every bal-

lad that was ever sung and every story that was ever told on the Scottish border. He was exceedingly adroit likewise in filling up blanks and supplying sometimes a head and sometimes a tail-piece, just as it was wanted. Scott did his best to serve him also, but failed. Hogg could not manage his own affairs, yet was for ever urgent to be allowed to manage the affairs of others. He was to his employer—if we may so speak of Scott—alternately obsequious, ridiculous, and insolent. Take, for example, Lockhart's account of the Shepherd's first dinner with Scott:—

'When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Scott, being at the time in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The Shepherd, after being presented and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length; for, as he said afterwards, "I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house." As his dress at this period was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-smearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song, afforded plentiful merriment to the more civilized part of the company. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from "Mr. Scott," he advanced to "Sherra," and thence to "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," until at supper he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte."'

Poor Hogg had all the elements of a poet about him, and his 'Kilmeny' may compare with any story of the kind in the language. But how was it possible essentially to serve a man who was always asking, always mispending what he got, and withal so touchy as to address to his benefactor, who had somehow offended him, a letter which began 'D—d sir,' and ended 'Yours with disgust'?

A third of these assistants cannot be passed without special notice, for he grew, as he deserved to grow, into the condition of one of Scott's dearest friends. William Laidlaw, the son of a tenant farmer on the Yarrow, was gifted, like all the other members of his family, with an amiable disposition, excellent memory, and a clear understanding. He had in his boyhood gathered up a store of old songs and tales, all of which he gave to Scott; and if a blank appeared

in any which Scott received from other quarters, he was generally able to fill it up, either from his own recollections or from knowing the place and the people among whom it had its origin. William Laidlaw never ceased to enjoy a large share of Scott's friendship, and was, as we shall see by-and-by, among the few who were present and contributed to Scott's ease at his death.

At last, in 1802, 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' the result of so many journeys through the glens and valleys of the Border country, made its appearance. It was printed at the press of James Ballantyne, still a denizen of Kelso, and carried, so to speak, public favour by storm. Congratulations poured in upon the compiler from all quarters. George Ellis, George Canning, Bishop Percy—even cantankerous Joseph Ritson himself—all wrote to express their strong admiration of the performance; and Lewis, notwithstanding its throwing into the shade his 'Tales of Wonder,' joined in the chorus of applause. All this occurred while as yet only the two first volumes were in the hands of the public. When the third appeared, and by-and-by the metrical romance of 'Sir Tristrem,' the success of the undertaking became complete. Scott took his place at once in the front rank of literature. He could command his own price for the copyright of a separate work, and free access to the most remunerative of existing periodicals. The copyright of the 'Minstrelsy' brought him 578*l*. The 'Edinburgh Review,' just started under the guidance of Mr. Jeffrey, and published by Mr. Constable, wooed him as a contributor. It was conducted then, as it is conducted now, on principles of moderation in politics, and Scott readily supplied the pages of some of its earlier numbers with valuable articles. About the same time he visited London, Mrs. Scott bearing him company. Heber and Mackintosh met him with open arms. So did William Stuart Rose, Rogers, and others whom we need not stop to particularize. He was the guest of his friend George Ellis for some days at Sunninghill, and returning home by Oxford, was guided over that city of palaces by Reginald Heber, a newly-made Bachelor of Arts, and the happy winner of the Newdigate prize.

The years 1802, 3, 4, were seasons of grave alarm both in England and Scotland. The Scots expected to be invaded from Flushing or one of the northern ports of the continent, and over and over again the volunteers were called out to meet the coming danger. Not once when the bugle sounded was Scott absent from the roll-call; indeed he rode,

on one occasion, a hundred miles in four-and-twenty hours to overtake his regiment, his gallant black charger carrying him all the way. But Scott's zeal as a soldier interfered, or was supposed by the Lord Lieutenant of Roxburghshire to interfere, with his duties as sheriff; more especially as the cottage at Lasswade was outside his proper jurisdiction. Scott positively refused to sheath 'the voluntary blade;' but he compromised the difference with his chief by removing himself and his belongings in 1804 from the banks of the Esk to the banks of the Tweed. The house of Ashiestiel, belonging to a cousin of his own, who was absent in India, was vacant, and he took a lease of it. In every point of view the change of residence proved advantageous to him. It brought him into a country endeared to his earliest recollections and pregnant for him with home associations. It gave him, indeed, a scant neighbourhood, more scant than is to be found there now. But the few families within reach included the Pringles and the Earl of Dalkeith, as often as for business or pleasure he might find it convenient to set up his staff for a while at Bowhill. On the whole, therefore, as soon as the *désagréments* of change were surmounted, Scott was well pleased with the step which he had taken, as indeed he had every reason to be.

Scott's preparations for removing to Ashiestiel were all complete when his uncle Robert died, bequeathing to him the villa of Rosebank, where in youth so many happy days had been spent. He was not tempted by that incident to forego his own plans; but sold the place for five thousand pounds, and looked about for land in which to invest the money. For his great ambition was to become an owner of the soil. Meanwhile, however, he was hard at work upon the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' which grew out of a ballad begun some years previously, in order to gratify the amiable Countess of Dalkeith. In the autumn of this year he completed it, Messrs. Longman being the publishers, and Ballantyne the printer. The immediate gain to him on the first impression was only 169*l*. 6*s*. This was the result of what is called division of profits. But a second edition being speedily called for, Scott was offered 500*l*. for the copyright, and closed with the proposal. Had he added that sum to his uncle's legacy as well as an additional hundred pounds with which the successful publishers subsequently presented him, and purchased with the whole the small estate of Broad Meadows, how different the course of his existence might have been! The lands lay over against the

ruins of Newark, on the north bank of the Yarrow; and often, while the 'Lay' was yet in manuscript, he rode round and surveyed them with a longing eye. But soon after the publication of that poem Ballantyne, who had meantime removed to Edinburgh, wrote to say that, unless additional funds were procured, his venture must fail; and Scott, who had already pledged his credit to obtain loans for the house, consented to become a partner in the concern, and to pay down 5000*l.*, as the price of one third of the property. So was taken the first step in a course, destined to terminate as we shall see by-and-by.

The act which in its results operated so fatally upon his fortunes was not forced on by that ignorance of affairs, or indifference to them, which is assumed to be the characteristic of the poetic temperament. In his own way—a most mistaken way, as the event proved in many respects—Scott was as shrewd a man of business as ever lived. He believed that the printing concern might be made enormously lucrative, and he embarked in it, having laid his plans for realising this belief. But he did more. Before he would entirely withdraw from the practice of the law, he looked round for some berth which more effectually than the Sheriffship might secure him against the risk of absolute poverty, or even of a compulsory economy, in the event of his speculations failing. The Scotch Bar still retains some prizes of this sort, though they are less numerous than they once were. Such are the clerkships of the Supreme Court at Edinburgh, of which three out of five still exist, and of which the salary, now fixed, though formerly paid in fees, amounts to 1300*l.* a year. For the reversion of one of these, which was expected soon to fall vacant, Scott applied, and, after a delay as brief as circumstances would allow, the place was secured to him. To the emoluments of the office he did not immediately succeed. The aged occupant held on longer than was expected; and Scott had for some years all the trouble without the pay. But the certainty that sooner or later he should succeed to a good and fixed income made his mind easy. 'He closed his fee-book, never to open it again,' and with all the energy which belonged to his energetic nature bent himself to keep the printing presses busy, and to realise out of them a fortune. Still affecting to treat literature rather as an amusement than as a profession, to make it his staff, as he himself said, and not his crutch, he projected and set on foot such an amount of literary labour as

had never before been thought of, much less undertaken, by any one man. His influence, be it remembered, in all branches of the publishing trade was immense. Publishers and authors alike seemed ready to act on his suggestions. Any project recommended by him was sure to be favourably regarded, especially if hopes were held out of his taking personal interest in promoting it; and his judgment in regard to what would suit the public taste was generally sound. His first scheme was the production of a complete set of British Poets, edited by himself. Constable, now beginning to rise in the world, was to be the publisher; Ballantyne and Co. of course the printers of the work. Ellis suggested a similar proceeding with the Chroniclers, and Scott agreed. His friend, Mr. Thomas Thomson, talked of bringing out a New Edition of 'Clarendon,' and the printing of that was likewise promised to the Ballantynes. Though none of these undertakings ever came to completion, enough was done with each of them to keep the types busy, and to necessitate the raising of a fresh loan, Scott himself becoming security. Yet all was done under a cloud. Scott never appeared to the outer world to have any pecuniary motives for bestirring himself as he did to keep the press going. He gave out, freely enough, that he would have nothing to say to any work unless the Ballantynes were commissioned to print it, but the sole reason ever assigned was that he preferred his friend's typography to that of all the trade besides. 'We quite agree with Mr. Lockhart in the judgment which he passes on these transactions.

'It is an old saying that wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong, and dearly did he pay the penalty for the mystery in which he had chosen to involve the transaction. It was his rule, from the beginning, that whatever he wrote or edited must be printed at that press; and had he catered for it only as author and editor, all would have been well; but had the booksellers known his direct pecuniary interest in keeping up and extending the occupation of those types, they would have taken into account his lively imagination and sanguine temperament, as well as his taste and judgment, and considered far more deliberately than they too often did, his multifarious recommendations of new literary schemes, coupled though these were with some dim understanding, that if the Ballantyne press were employed his own literary skill would be at his friend's disposal for the general superintendence of the undertaking.'

With all this we cordially agree; yet let

it not be forgotten, in extenuation of the fault, that at the period when Scott connected himself with the printing-office of the Ballantynes, public opinion in the profession was utterly opposed to mixing up the profession of an advocate with trade in any shape whatever. He could not, therefore, avow the partnership without losing caste. But why do that which could not be avowed, and why go farther in the same direction, as we shall find by-and-by that he imprudently did?

In the year 1805, when the 'Lay' had fairly established itself in popular favour, Scott's life as a barrister may be said to have merged in that of an author. Ashiestiel became, more than the cottage at Lasswade had ever been, the home of a busy literary man, and the resort of literary strangers. The duties of a sheriff in Scotland, though important, are not usually severe, and these he discharged faithfully; making himself as much beloved among those to whom he administered the law, as among his own associates. But letters filled without engrossing his mind; and in order that he might give to them the increased attention that was necessary, without taking a less prominent part in society than he used to do, he changed his habits, and instead of sitting up far into the night, rose early in the morning.

'He rose,' says his friend, Mr. Skene, in a letter to Mr. Lockhart, 'at five o'clock; lit his own fire, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation; for he was a very martinet in all but the more coxcombs of the toilet; not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself as much as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those bed-gown and slipper tricks, as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to wear till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers ranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor; while at least one favoured dog lay watching his eye, just beyond the line of circumvallation. By the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough (in his own language) to break the neck of the day's work. After breakfast a couple of hours more were given to his solitary work; and by noon he was, as he used to say, his own man. When the weather was bad he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while if any more distant excursion had been proposed over night, he was ready to set out on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unremitting study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to

draw for accommodation, whenever the sun shone with special brightness.'

Mr. Skene describes Scott as he lived at Ashiestiel. The description applies with equal accuracy to his manner of life at Abbotsford. There, indeed, when not constrained by politeness or inclination to be the guide of his guests to points of interest in the neighbourhood, he found his own amusement chiefly in superintending the laying out of his grounds, thinning the woods, marking the limits of the plantations, or watching, or it might be himself taking part in, the work of planting and measuring. In all this his constant companion and assistant was Tom Purdie, a remarkable man, whom he found a poacher, and made the most faithful of bailiffs.

Another rule Scott laid down for himself from which he never deviated. Every letter which he received was answered on the same day; indeed nothing short of this could have enabled him to keep abreast of his correspondence, which was always very large, and became latterly oppressive. Nor in noticing his peculiarities must we forget his exceeding love both of horses and dogs. So long as he served in the yeomanry, he never let a morning pass without visiting his charger, and feeding him with his own hand, and this before the work of the day began. As to the dogs — whether it were Camp a bull-terrier, and long a special favourite, or Douglas and Percy his greyhounds, or noble Maida his stag-hound, whose monument still attracts the notice of the visitor as he enters the hall at Abbotsford — for all these in succession, and the countless terriers their contemporaries, a window of his study always stood open, by which they might pass to and fro as the humour took them.

Of all field sports Scott was fond; but his favourite was latterly coursing. An otter hunt also had special charms for him, as his description of one in 'Guy Mannering' shows. Nor did it fail to increase his enjoyment if, in following the hounds, he found himself called upon to dash over difficult fords, and prick through morasses. As we are on the subject of Scott's personal habits, it may be as well to state here how he habitually bore himself in the domestic circle, strictly so-called. His wife, with many agreeable and amiable qualities, never was to him, nor could she be, a companion. She was proud of his genius, and jealous of any attacks that might be made upon his renown. Indeed she never forgave Jeffrey his article on 'Marmion' in the 'Edin-

burgh Review; and could not help showing what she felt, when, immediately after the appearance of the critique, the author of it dined at Scott's table. Still Scott was sincerely attached to her, and his diary shows that her death, though long expected, affected him very deeply. His children, on the other hand — and he had four, two sons and two daughters — twined themselves round the core of his heart. In their infancy he seems to have taken comparatively little notice of them; but as soon as they were old enough to understand what he said, he delighted in having them with him, and devoted to them much time and tender care. Like their mute companions, the dogs, they had free admission to his study at all hours, when he would lay down his pen, take them on his knee, repeat to them a ballad or tell a story, kiss them, and send them away again. From a very early age they were accustomed to dine with their father and mother. Their education he conducted in a somewhat desultory manner. The girls, when old enough, were placed under a governess, selected far more because of good sense and moral worth, than on account of showy accomplishments; and the boys went to school, as he had himself done — the eldest passing thence into a cavalry regiment, the youngest entering Oxford and taking a degree, preparatory to his admission into the Foreign Office. But till they were ripe for systematic teaching he was himself their instructor; the instruction being communicated much more frequently by oral tradition than through books. His tales, on what are called week days, were taken from the annals of their own and other countries; on Sunday the children listened in like manner to stories, but they were stories taken from sacred history. And here, by the way, we may observe that with Scott, whether at Abbotsford or in Edinburgh, Sunday was always a day of rest and recreation. In the country, however full of company the house might be, he invariably announced his intention, at breakfast, of reading prayers at eleven o'clock; and he added, frankly and without affectation of shyness, 'And I expect every lady and gentleman to be present.' There usually followed the reading of the Liturgy a sermon by some great divine — not unfrequently Jeremy Taylor — after which guests and members of the household were alike free to stroll wherever fancy led them. He himself, usually attended by a select few, wandered amid his woods, and poured out to a delighted audience endless tales and legends connected with the locality. When in Edin-

burgh two or three of his oldest and most familiar friends invariably dined with him. He called these his 'dinners without the silver dishes,' and the evenings were usually lightened by reading aloud a play from Shakespeare, or a new work by one of the favourite poets of the day.

Scott's generosity to his less fortunate brother authors was extreme; indeed it often degenerated into weakness. Not content with giving them money, he would tax his judgment to discover something meritorious in every manuscript which they submitted to him. Other methods also, characteristic of himself, he took of serving them. For example, having been invited, during one of his earlier visits to London, to dine with Caroline, Princess of Wales, at Montague House, and being requested to repeat some of his own unpublished verses, he replied that he really could not recollect any which would be worthy of her Royal Highness's notice; but that, if allowed, he would repeat a ballad by an obscure author of whose talents he entertained the highest admiration. The desired consent being given he recited some beautiful verses from a collection of poems by Hogg; and accomplished his purpose by getting the Princess to become a subscriber to the volume, which was soon afterwards published.

Thus far we have followed Walter Scott's fortunes closely, as it were chronologically, while he fought his way to fame. What we have to say of him after he attained the proudest position which literature has ever won for its votary in his own lifetime, must necessarily be more brief. The three years between the autumn of 1804 and the spring of 1808, he spent partly at Ashestiel, partly in Edinburgh. It was a season at once of great enjoyment and unceasing labour. Already his acquaintance was sought, not only by his neighbours of every degree, but by almost every man or woman distinguished in literature and art throughout the United Kingdom. In 1808 'Marmion' made its appearance, bringing with it an immense accession of renown to the author. In spite of an ungenerous critique in the 'Edinburgh Review' (which had by this time become a strong party publication, in fierce hostility to the government and its foreign as well as domestic policy) that noble poem achieved at once boundless popularity, and placed Scott at the head of the living literature of England, and we may safely add of Europe. He was not rendered giddy by the position; far less was he induced to relax in his exertions. Its effect was the very opposite, though, in some respects, his literary zeal

took a new direction. For example, guided mainly, no doubt, by the honest desire to counteract what he regarded as a pernicious influence, though in part, perhaps, by indignation at the personal treatment which he had received in its pages, he lent himself willingly to a proposal, which was made in 1808, of setting up a Quarterly Journal in opposition to the 'Edinburgh Review.' The Quarterly Journal, which he assisted in setting afloat, was, as we need scarcely observe, the same in which these sentences are printed. But its origin was entirely due to the energy and sagacity of the late Mr. Murray, who had already written to Mr. Canning upon the subject, and then proceeded in person to Ashestiel to secure the co-operation of Scott. His proposal was heartily received by Scott, who promised his own assistance and that of his friends. Scott wrote three articles in the first number, which appeared in the beginning of 1809, and from time to time contributed many other papers, which are collected in his prose works.*

At this time, also, a new project entered into his head, and unfortunately for himself and all concerned, he made preparations to realise it. Mr. Constable, the publisher of the 'Edinburgh Review,' had fallen out with the Ballantynes. He was, moreover, an abettor of the mischievous principles of his own journal, if not formally professing them; and these two things constituted, in Scott's eyes, a grave offence against morals. He determined to make war upon the Whig bookseller by setting up a publishing house, in opposition to him, at his own door. Yet at the moment when this scheme took possession of him he was under engagements to different publishing houses, the bare enumeration of which might well astound the most industrious of authors. For one he had undertaken to bring out a complete edition of British novelists, another made arrangements with him to collect the works and write a life of Dryden, a third had engaged him to prepare a new edition of Ralph Sadler's 'State Papers,' and of the earlier volumes of 'Somer's Tracts,' while to Constable himself he was pledged to a republication of Swift's works.

'Conversing with Scott many years afterwards about the tumult of engagements in which he was then involved, he said: "Ay, it was enough to tear me to pieces; but there was a wonderful exhilaration about it all. My blood was kept at fever pitch; I felt as if I

* An interesting account of the foundation of the Review is given in Sir John Barrow's 'Autobiography,' p. 492. *seqq.*

could have grappled with anything and everything. Then there was hardly one of all my schemes that did not afford me the means of serving some poor devil of a brother author. There were always huge piles of materials to be arranged, sifted, and indexed; volumes of extracts to be transcribed; journeys to be made hither and thither for ascertaining little facts and dates; in short, I could commonly keep half a dozen of the ragged regiment of Parnassus in tolerable ease." I said he must have felt something like what a locomotive engine on a railway might be supposed to do when a score of coal-waggons are seen linking themselves to it the moment it gets the steam up, and it pushes on its course, regardless of the burthen. "Yes," he said, laughing, and making a crashing cut with his axe (for we were felling larch-trees), "but there was a cursed lot of dung-carts, too."'

It was amid the busy throng of all this occupation that his rupture with Constable took place, creating the desire, to which we have just alluded, of fighting the Bibliopole with his own weapons. Our readers will judge for themselves of the spirit in which Scott addressed himself to this new enterprise when they have read a letter to Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby Park, which we subjoin:—

Edinburgh, 14th Jan., 1809.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'For a long while I thought my summons to London would have been immediate, so that I should have had the pleasure to wait upon you at Rokeby Park on my way to town. . . . Meanwhile, I have been concocting, at the instigation of various loyal and well-disposed persons, a grand scheme of opposition to the proud critics of Edinburgh. It is now matured in all its branches, and consists of the following: a new Review in London, to be called the "Quarterly," William Gifford to be the editor; George Ellis, Rose, Mr. Canning if possible, Frere, and all the ancient anti-Jacobins, to be concerned. The first number is now in hand, and the allies I hope and trust securely united to each other. I have promised to get them such assistance as I can, and most happy should I be to prevail upon you to put your hand to the ark. You can so easily run off an article, either of learning or of fun, that it would be inexcusable not to afford us your assistance.

'Then, to turn the flank of Messrs. Constable and Co., and to avenge myself of certain impertinences which, in the bitterness of their Whiggery, they have dared to indulge in towards me, I have proposed to start against them, on Whitsunday first, the celebrated printer Ballantyne (who had the honour of meeting you at Ashestiel) in the shape of an Edinburgh publisher, with a long purse, and a sound politi-

cal creed, not to mention an alliance offensive and defensive with young John Murray of Fleet Street, the most enlightened and active of the London trade. By this means I hope to counterbalance the predominating influence of Constable and Co., who at present have it in their power and inclination to forward or suppress any book, as they approve or dislike its political tendency. Lastly, I have caused the said Ballantyne to venture upon an Edinburgh Annual Register, of which I send you a prospectus. I intend to help him myself as far as time will admit, and hope to procure him many respectable coadjutors.

We know not in what terms to speak of this transaction. It would have been unwise, had it been exactly as Scott describes it. It was perhaps open to even graver objections, looking at it as the facts of the case subsequently came to light. Scott was himself a partner in the publishing, as he had previously been in the printing business, and the only purse on which both depended for existence was his own. The concern never thrived. Year after year the necessity for accommodation-bills became more urgent, and Scott either could not, or did not, understand that such a course as this could end only in bankruptcy.

The year 1818 may be said to have found and left Scott at the very height of his prosperity and renown. He had realised the day-dream of his boyhood—he was become not a landowner only, but a sort of mediæval chieftain. In 1811 he had purchased a farm, which was now grown into a considerable estate. Clarty Hole had become Abbotsford; and, where a modest cottage once stood, a stately mansion was rising. Woods, well kept and arranged, were beginning to feather the hills, which, when they passed into his hands, were bleak and bare; and gardens and terraces, gracefully laid out, looked down upon the Tweed. There he spent the summer and autumn of each year in the enjoyment of every thing which was calculated to gratify his tastes and exercise his benevolence. His poetry, if it had in some degree declined in public favour, was still universally read; and his novels—the ‘Waverley Novels’ as they were called—were in everybody’s hands. How they began, and how they forced their way into an amount of popularity quite without precedent, it would be foreign to the purpose of this sketch if we paused to give an account. We content ourselves therefore for the present, by stating that his works were the daily food, not only of his countrymen, but of all educated Europe. His society was

courted by whatever England could show of eminence. Station, power, wealth, beauty, and genius strove with each other in every demonstration of respect and worship; and, a few political fanatics and curious poets excepted, wherever he appeared, in town or country, whoever had Scotch blood in him, ‘gentle or simple,’ felt it move more rapidly through his veins when he was in Scott’s presence. The Clerkship of Session, of which for five years he had discharged the duties gratuitously, was now worth 1300*l.* a year to him; his Sheriffdom brought in 300*l.* more; and the annual profits of his novels alone had not, for some time, been less than 10,000*l.* a year. In 1815 he had made the acquaintance of the Duke of Wellington in Paris, after visiting the scene of that great man’s greatest victory, while as yet the wrecks of war covered the field. Nor were external honours wanting. Towards the end of November, 1818, it was intimated to him that the Chief of the State desired to confer upon him the dignity of a Baronet, which purpose was carried into effect two years later. No doubt Scott had his trials too. All that were in need applied to him for assistance. All who fancied that their merits were overlooked called on him to find an opening for them; and one poetess in particular, Miss Seward, made him the guardian of her posthumous fame—a task which, had it been possible, he would have gladly evaded. But such troubles hardly broke the apparent quiet of his existence. To the outer world, it seemed to be, and to a great extent it was, a singularly joyous one. We have seen how the day went with him at Abbotsford. Here is a record and life-like description of its progress in Edinburgh:—

‘Breakfast was his chief meal. Before that came he had gone through the severest part of his day’s work, and he then set to work with the zeal of Crabbe’s Squire Tovell:

“And laid at once a pound upon his plate.”

No foxhunter ever prepared himself for the field by more substantial appliances. His table was always provided, in addition to the usually plentiful delicacies of a Scotch breakfast, with some solid article, on which he did most hearty execution—a round of beef,—a pasty such as made Gil Blas’s eyes water,—or, most welcome of all, a cold sheep’s head, the charms of which primitive dainty he has so gallantly defended against the disparaging sneers of Dr. Johnson and his bear-leader. A huge brown loaf flanked his elbow, and it was placed upon a broad wooden trencher, that he might cut and

come again with the bolder knife. Often did the clerk's coach, commonly called among themselves the *Lively*, which trandled round every morning to pick up the brotherhood, and then deposited them, at the proper moment, in the Parliament Close — often did this lumbering hackney arrive at his door before he had fully appeased what Homer calls "the sacred rage of hunger;" and vociferous was the merriment of the learned *Uncles* when the surprised poet swung forth to join them, with an extemporised sandwich, that looked like a ploughman's luncheon, in his hand. He never tasted anything more before dinner, and at dinner he ate as sparingly as Squire Tovell's niece from the boarding-school,

"Who cut the sanguine flesh in frustrums fine,
And wondered much to see the creatures dine."

The only dishes he was at all fond of were the old-fashioned ones to which he had been accustomed in the days of Saunders Fairford; and which really are excellent dishes — such, in truth, as Scotland borrowed from France before Catherine de Medicis brought in her Italian virtuosi to revolutionise the kitchen like the cart. Of most of these he has, I believe, in the course of his novels found some opportunity to record his esteem. But above all, who can forget that his King Jamie, amidst the splendours of Whitehall, thinks himself an ill-used monarch unless his first course includes *cocky-leekie*?

Scott had two circles with which he associated, while in Edinburgh: one which, comprising the *dite* of the aristocracy of rank and letters, may be called his refined circle; the other, in which Constable and the Ballantynes play the part of amphitryons, may be spoken of as his jovial circle. We must refer our readers to Mr. Lockhart's admirable volumes for a detailed account of each, a description of which, we can assure them, will more than repay the labour of a perusal. So likewise, to our great regret, we feel ourselves obliged to deal with much that went on at Abbotsford, — the Abbotsford hunt, with the symposium which followed, — the inundation of strangers from all parts of the world, to whom a hospitable reception was always afforded, — the frequent visits of ladies and gentlemen who knew how to appreciate him as he knew how to appreciate them, — and, still more attractive because appealing with greater force to our convictions and sympathies, the happy intercourse which was kept up among the households of Abbotsford, Chiefswood, Huntley Burn, Gala, and Morton. But the following is really too good not to be extracted at length: —

'Before breakfast was over (Lockhart is de-

scribing a day in October, 1818), the post-bag arrived, and its contents were so numerous that Lord Melville asked Scott what election was on hand, not doubting but that there must be some very particular reason for such a shoal of letters. He answered that it was much the same most days, and added, "though no one has kinder friends in the franking line, and though Freeling and Croker especially are always ready to stretch the point of privilege in my favour, I am nevertheless a fair contributor to the revenue, for I think my bill for letters seldom comes under 150*l.* a year, and as to coach parcels, they are a perfect ruination." He then told with high merriment a disaster that had lately befallen him, "One morning last spring I opened a huge lump of a despatch, without looking how it was addressed, never doubting that it had travelled under some omnipotent frank like the First Lord of the Admiralty's, when lo and behold! the contents proved to be a MS. play by a young lady of New York, who kindly requested me to read and correct it, equip it with prologue and epilogue, procure for it a favourable reception from the manager of Drury Lane, and make Murray or Constable bleed handsomely for the copyright; and on inspecting the cover, I found that I had been charged five pounds odd for the postage. This was bad enough, but there was no help, so I groaned and submitted. A fortnight or so after, another packet, of not less formidable bulk, arrived, and I was absent enough to break its seal, too, without examination. Conceive my horror when out jumped the same identical tragedy of the *Cherokee Lovers*, with a second epistle from the authoress, stating that, as the winds had been boisterous, she feared the vessel entrusted with her former communication might have foundered, and therefore judged it prudent to forward a duplicate."

'Scott said he must retire to answer his letters; but that the sociable and the ponies would be at the door by one o'clock, when he purposed to show Melrose and Dryburgh to Lady Melville and any of the rest of the party that chose to accompany them; adding that his son Walter would lead anybody who preferred a gun to the likeliest place for a blackcock, and that Charlie Pardie (Tom's brother) would attend upon Mr. Wilson and whoever else chose to try a cast of the salmon-rod. He withdrew when all this was arranged, and appeared at the time appointed, with, perhaps, a dozen letters sealed for the post, and a coach-parcel addressed to James Ballantyne, which he dropped at the turnpike-gate as we drove to Melrose. Seeing it picked up by a dirty urchin, and carried into a hedge pot-house, where half-a-dozen nondescript wayfarers were smoking and tipping, I could not but wonder that it had not been the fate of some one of those innumerable packets to fall into unscrupulous hands, and betray the grand secret. That very morning we had seen two post-chaises drawn up at his gate, and the enthusiastic travellers, seemingly decent tradesmen and their families, who

must have been packed in a manner worthy of Mr. Gilpin, lounging about to catch a glimpse of him at his going forth. But it was impossible in those days to pass between Melrose and Abbotsford without encountering some odd figure, armed with a sketch-book, evidently bent on a peep at the Great Unknown; and it must be allowed that some of these pedestrians looked as if they might have thought it very excusable to make prize, by hook or by crook, of a MS. chapter of the "Tales of My Landlord."

When Scott first began to write, he was communicative almost to a fault. All who lived on terms of intimacy with him were informed of his projects and their results. This habit he began to lay aside after the 'Lady of the Lake' made its appearance, and by and by he went into an opposite extreme. The 'Vision of Don Roderick' having partially failed — if we can speak of that as a failure which was a success only not quite so decided as those which preceded it — and some misgivings in regard to 'Rokeby' having risen in his own mind, he put forth, almost simultaneously with this latter work, the 'Bridal of Triermain,' which he passed upon the world as the work of his friend William Erskine. The experiment appears to have satisfied himself; and, when at length he made up his mind to complete the prose tale of 'Waverley,' which had been long begun and laid aside for five years, he put on a disguise, which was never absolutely laid aside till necessity compelled; yet which, almost from the outset, sufficed to mislead only the crowd. Besides that the secret was confided originally to ten, and ultimately to thirty individuals, scarcely a well-instructed outsider failed, after a while, to attribute the authorship of those matchless stories to the right person; so that, when at last the avowal came, it can hardly be said to have surprised even those who listened to it. Alas, alas! the avowal came under circumstances the most distressing; for which already, in spite of the strongest possible appearances to the contrary, the preparations were in progress.

As early as 1810, when the 'Lay' had reached its eleventh, and the 'Lady of the Lake' its fifth edition, the affairs of the publishing and printing establishments, over which the Ballantynes presided, began to show signs of falling into confusion. How Scott, with the facts then brought to his notice, could allow himself to remain a partner in these firms, and how, so remaining, he had the temerity to indulge his appetite for land, adding field to field, and farm to farm, must always remain a mys-

tery. So keenly was he affected by the tidings which his partners conveyed to him, that he entertained serious thoughts of looking for employment abroad. He would have certainly accompanied Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, to India, had that statesman gone out, as he was at one moment expected to do, as Governor-General. Mr. Dundas did not, however, go to India; and Scott, carried away in part by the arguments of the Ballantynes, and in part by his own sanguine temperament, persuaded himself that the vessel would yet stagger through, and assented to an extension, continually increasing, of the system of accommodation bills. So things proceeded; the houses of business always reeling and just able from time to time to stand upon their feet, while he laid out large sums on the expansion and adornment of his estate and castle. Other warnings came, one in 1812 so startling that it induced Scott to make up his difference with Constable, and to put an end to the publishing business, which had so ruinously disappointed him. If he had gone further then, and ceased to connect himself with the printing house, the latter must have doubtless become bankrupt; but he would have been saved. A mistaken sense of honour, we firmly believe, constrained him to turn aside from this prudential course, and every successive year gave him more and more reason to repent it. But whatever was his anxiety, he marvellously concealed it. When his friend and first patron, Charles Duke of Buccleuch, died, he was inconsolable, just as he had been on the demise of the amiable Duchess. While he was launching his two sons into life, the eldest as a cornet of dragoons, the second, first to Oxford, and by-and-by as a clerk in the Foreign Office, the closest observer could not discern the very faintest token of uneasiness about him on his own account. As, also, he rejoiced in the marriage of his eldest daughter with Lockhart, so, by-and-by, the union of his eldest son with a Fifeshire heiress appeared to delight him. At last, however, the crash came. The year 1825 will be forever memorable in the history of the financial affairs of this country, and to Scott and to the broken reed on which he had too long leaned, it proved fatal. We must decline going into the incidents of that terrible crisis. Enough is done when we state that it did not come without warning. Over and over again Scott remonstrated against some of the measures which his partners proposed, and positively refused to join them in others. Yet with astounding self-delusion he be-

lieved that the storm would blow over, and that by energy and perseverance that success would yet be attained, to which his sanguine counsellors pointed. The results are well known.

Just as his affairs were clouding over, Scott began to keep a diary. It is upon the whole a sad record. He had spent the summer of 1825 in a tour through Ireland, where the reception awarded to him was enthusiastic, and he intensely enjoyed the grotesque kindness of the most grotesque people on the face of the earth. In August, he returned through Wales and Cumberland to Abbotsford, where he received many visitors, among others Tom Moore, Mrs. Coutts, and the Duke of St. Albans. His outward bearing was what it had ever been, calm, genial, hospitable, kind. Yet the iron was piercing into his soul, and the agony produced by it found fit expression in his journal. For example, on the 14th of December, after his removal to Edinburgh (the diary seems to have been begun only on the 20th of November) we have this entry:—

'Affairs very bad again in the money-market. It must come here, and I have far too many engagements not to feel it. To end the matter at once, I intend to borrow 10,000*l.*, with which my son's marriage contract allows me to charge the estate. This will enable me to dispense in a great measure with bank assistance, and sleep in spite of thunder. I do not know why it is—this business makes me a little bilious, or rather the want of exercise during the Session, and this late change of the weather to too much heat. But the sun and moon shall dance on the green ere carelessness, or hope of gain, or facility of getting cash, shall make me too rash again, were it but for the disquiet of the thing.'

A brave and wise resolve this—but it came too late. Four days subsequently he wrote thus—

'Dec. 18. For myself, if things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must thenceforth be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy will be over with the feeling of independence. He shall no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in his mind, hasten to commit them to paper, and count them, monthly, as the means of planting such scours, and purchasing such wastes; replacing dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

"Fountain heads, and pathless groves;
Places which pale passion loves."

'This cannot be; but I may work substantial husbandry, *i. e.*, write history and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm; at least I much doubt, the general knowledge that an author must work for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation.

"While the harness sore galls, and the spur his side goads,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road."

'It is a bitter thought; but if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree in it that does not owe its existence to me.'

What an insight these sentences, written from a full heart, give us into the character of the man. A lofty principle, carried to excess, becomes in his case a snare; and aiming always at the highest place, he forgets that though it may be won, it cannot be permanently retained by measures which will not bear the test of sober judgment.

'Where there is a secret there is always something wrong.' This is true in every instance, and its truth was never more distressingly illustrated than in his. Let us not be misunderstood; Scott was no more capable of lending himself deliberately to a fraud than he was of committing murder. Yet what can be thought of the egregious self-deceit of one, who, priding himself on his reputation as a man of business, and wise in theory, as his letter to his friend Terry shows, could yet for so many years stand upon the very brink of ruin without appearing to know it? James Ballantyne has represented this matter in a death-bed memorandum, from which Lockhart quotes without disputing its fairness:—

'I must here say that it was one of Sir Walter's weaknesses to shrink too much from looking evil in the face, and that he was apt to carry a great deal too far, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." I do not think it was more than three weeks before the catastrophe that he became fully convinced it was impending—if, indeed, his feelings ever reached the length of conviction at all. Thus at the last, his fortitude was very sorely tried.'

We will not dwell at length upon the break-up of this great and good man's fortunes. There was no parrying the blow. It fell, and Sir Walter was ruined. He might, under the circumstances, have done as other traders do, surrendered his property, and gone through the bankruptcy court, in which case, with his popularity still as

great as ever, it was more than probable that, after getting rid of his annoyances, he would have realised a second fortune, larger and more secure than the first. But to this his gallant spirit would not stoop. He put his affairs into the hands of private trustees. His creditors generously, though, as the event proved, not for themselves unwisely, accepted the arrangement, and he set himself to the task of writing off every shilling that he owed, or dying in the attempt.* Observe how manfully he expresses himself on the occasion. There is as much of nature in this burst of confidence as ever showed itself in his fits of despondency, and it is due to his memory to add, that from the spirit of the resolve here enunciated he never afterwards departed.

Jan. 22, 1826. I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad — now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last over the domains I have planted — sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me, if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well! There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck, i.e., if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then Woodstock and Bony may both go to the paper-maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee, and intoxicate the brain another way. In prospect of absolute ruin I wonder if they would let me leave the Court of Session. I would like, methinks, to go abroad

"And lay my bones far from the Tweed."

But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. It is odd, when I set myself to work *doggedly*, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was — neither low-spirited nor *distract*. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is, to me at least, a tonic and bracer; the fountain is convulsed from its innermost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage. Poor Mr. Pole, the harper, sent to offer me 500*l.* or 600*l.*, probably his all. There is much good in the world after all. But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it, else I will be *done* in the slang language, and *undone* in common parlance. . . . Well, exertion, exertion, O Invention, rouse thyself! May man be kind! may God be pro-

* The debts of Ballantyne and Co., at the time of their failure, amounted to 117,000*l.* The creditors were eventually paid in full. Scott had, in his lifetime, reduced the debt to 54,000*l.*, which was discharged by his executors out of the monies arising from his life insurances and the advances made by Mr. Cadell upon his copyright property and literary remains.

pitious! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong, and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me. Lockhart would be worth gold just now, but he, too, might be too diffident to speak broad out. All my hope is in the continued indulgence of the public.

The above extract shows that Scott, like other men of energy as well as genius, found his best escape from care in constant employment. Formerly he had made a point of laying pen, ink, and paper aside by one o'clock in the day. Now he worked double tides, rising early, sitting late, and not unfrequently depriving himself of out-door exercise altogether. He had undertaken to write for Constable a 'Life of Napoleon,' which was to come out in two volumes. The subject grew upon him, it was followed up eagerly and painfully, and covered in the end nine volumes. It constituted for two years the main object of his literary care, yet by no means engrossed it. 'Woodstock,' and the 'Chronicles of the Canongate,' series after series, as well as articles for the 'Quarterly Review,' went forward with it, *pari passu*; thus proving that, in his case at least, change of labour could be accepted as relaxation. Nor was this all. He found it necessary in 1826, with a view to render his biography as accurate as possible, to inspect the documents laid up in the Foreign Offices of England and France, and paid, in consequence, visits of some duration, both to London and Paris. On these occasions, as well in going as returning, he was Lockhart's guest, and found himself just as much as ever the observed of all observers. George IV. commanded his presence at Windsor, where, in the fishing temple on Virginia Water, he seems to have spent two pleasant days. Rogers, Moore, Croker, Lord Dudley, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Theodore Hook, and many more such like, met him at his son-in-law's table. He was the guest also of the Duke of Wellington, of Peel, and of Croker, then Secretary to the Admiralty, where the leading statesmen of the day assembled to do him honour. Here is the entry of one such day:—

Nov. 16. Breakfasted with Rogers, with my daughters, and Lockhart. Rogers was exceedingly entertaining in his dry, quiet, sarcastic manner. At eleven to the Duke of Wellington, who gave me a bundle of remarks on Buonaparte's "Russian Campaign," written in his carriage during his late mission to St. Petersburg. It is furiously scrawled, and the Russian names hard to distinguish, but it shall do

me yeoman's service. Thence I passed to the Colonial Office, where I concluded my extracts. Lockhart and I dined at the Admiralty *au grand couvert*. No less than five Cabinet Ministers were present — Canning, Huskisson, Melville, Peel, and Wellington, with sub-secretaries by the bushel. The cheer was excellent, but the presence of too many men of distinguished rank and power always freezes the conversation. Each lamp shines brightest when placed by itself: when too close they neutralise each other.

So wrote the man on whose head Fate might be said to be now pouring out the full vials of her wrath. Besides the entire loss of fortune, he was by this time a widower; for in April of this same year Lady Scott had died, while he was from home. The house in Edinburgh, where he had been wont to dispense a generous hospitality, was sold; and as often as business carried him to the Scotch metropolis he inhabited a lodging. His courage never failed. He fought the battle of the Scottish banking system in his letters of Malachi Malagrowther, and commenced the 'Fair Maid of Perth.' It was at this time that he judged it expedient to remove the veil which had long ceased in reality to cover his connection with the Waverley Novels. It had become, in fact, a necessary proceeding: because to a republication of these tales, with prefaces and notes, both he and his friends looked for the surest means of discharging the obligations under which he lay. Yet the avowal of the authorship at a Theatrical Fund dinner, over which he presided, took the general public a good deal by surprise. It was done, however, with excellent grace, and operated as it seemed, as a sort of relief to his own feelings. Alas! the end was drawing on.

After completing the 'Fair Maid of Perth' Scott again visited London in 1828, where the first decided manifestations of the complaint under which he by-and-by succumbed showed themselves. In the February preceding (he went to London in April) we find, indeed, in his journal an entry which shows that the mischief was already begun. He had worked unusually hard, dashing off forty printed pages of his story, when, dining afterwards in company with some old friends, an idea took possession of him that he was living a second life, that 'nothing that passed was said for the first time, that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them.' He tried to reason himself into the belief that the hallucination could be accounted for on the

ground that old friends were likely to say over again to each other much that they had said before. 'But the sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a mirage in the desert, or a caleutere on board of ship, when lakes are seen in the desert and sylvan landscapes in the sea.' He was much distressed by it, and the more that several glasses of wine which he took only augmented the disorder, and that something of it remained with him on the following day. In London the approach of the enemy was almost more marked. He had met at breakfast Mrs. Arkwright, who charmed the company with singing some of her own sweet music, and especially delighted Sir Walter with the air which she had set to his beautiful song in the 'Pirate': —

'Farewell, farewell, the voice you hear.'

Lockhart thus describes what followed: —

'He was sitting by me, at some distance from the lady, and whispered, as she closed, "Capital words: whose are they? Byron's, I suppose, but I don't remember them." He was astonished when I told him that they were his own, in the 'Pirate.' He seemed pleased at the moment; but said the next minute, "You have distressed me; if memory goes, all is up with me, for that was always my strong point."'

The symptoms did not, however, return; so he laboured on. 'Anne of Geierstein' in due time made its appearance, and he then applied himself in earnest to what he called the 'magnum opus,' i. e., the preparation of a collected edition of the whole of the Waverley Novels, of which we have just spoken. The success of the undertaking was immense. Cadell had proposed to begin with an impression of 7,000, but so numerous were the applications that he advanced the edition to 12,000, and the actual sale amounted to 35,000 per month. Scott saw in this a prospect of speedily ridding himself and the printing-house of their embarrassments, and went about his daily task — which was that of a giant — in great glee. The 'Tales of a Grandfather' were in immense favour. The 'History of Scotland,' which he had promised to Longmans for 'Lardner's Cyclopædia,' made progress. The 'Quarterly' received repeated contributions, and preparations were set on foot for bringing out an illustrated edition of his poems. And here it is but just to the memory of one of his great admirers that we should notice the honourable part

which the late Mr. Murray took in promoting the latter scheme. Scott had purchased up all his copy-rights except the fourth share of 'Marmion,' which belonged to Mr. Murray. He wrote to his son-in-law Mr. Lockhart, proposing to purchase this also, and was answered by Mr. Murray himself. The generous Bibliophile would not sell for money what he valued far above its worth in the market, but in the handsomest manner he presented it to Scott, as 'an act of grateful acknowledgment for benefits already received.' Mr. Murray had been early associated with Constable and Ballantyne in Scott's literary undertakings, and with great regret withdrew from the connexion, because he became convinced (as he tried to convince Scott himself) that the reckless nature of their speculations must end in ruin.

But the energies had been overtaxed; and a nature warm, generous, and affectionate, was sorely tried by many deaths among those most dear to it. Erskine was dead, Gifford was dead; so were Sir George Beaumont, Sir William Forbes, and though last not least, so was Tom Purdie, who had expired suddenly. This latter misfortune affected him quite as much as any calamity of the kind to which he had been subjected.

'I have lost,' he writes to Cadell, on the 4th of Nov., 1829, 'my old and faithful servant, my factotum, and am so shocked that I really wish to be quit of the country, and safe in town. I have this day laid him in his grave.'

The life which Sir Walter thenceforth led was one of sheer labour. Rarely, and never without a pang of regret, would he relax his mind by entering into society of any kind. The warnings which had startled him, while they were yet recent, appeared to have lost their terrors, and he strained the machine as if it were labour-proof. It was a fatal error. On the 15th of February, 1830, a third seizure took him, at once more marked in its immediate character and in its effects more enduring. He had returned from the Parliament House at two o'clock, and was examining certain papers which an old lady had brought, and which he had promised to revise and correct for the press. The old lady sat beside him, and when he rose to dismiss her a slight convulsion was seen to agitate his face. He staggered into the drawing-room and fell flat on the floor, apparently insensible. A surgeon was sent for, who bled him. He was cupped again in

the evening, and gradually recovered the possession of speech and the rest of his faculties. The blow was, however, struck; for, though the outer world heard nothing of the incident, and he was able to go about as usual, submitting to the most rigid diet and otherwise living by rule, he was never the same man again. He covered day by day innumerable pages of manuscript, producing almost simultaneously his 'Letters on Demonology' for Murray's 'Family Library,' and a further series of 'Tales of a Grandfather.' But even in the former of these, the 'Letters on Demonology,' evidence of fading powers is perceptible; and in the stories from French history, which make up the latter, both words and arrangement are cloudy. He persevered, however, and wrote at the same time his Scottish History for 'Lardner's Cyclopædia,' a work certainly not worthy of its high parentage.

It was soon after the publication of these works that an arrangement was completed which for some time previously had been in contemplation. The Government of the day had determined on reducing two out of the five Principal Clerkships of Session, and Sir Walter was noted for a retirement. We confess that on looking back upon that transaction, the treatment which he received appears to us to have been the reverse of liberal. A career such as his ought not to have been subjected to the ordinary test of office life. He had done more by his writings to improve the tastes and raise the moral tone of his countrymen than any individual then living; and being, as all the world knew, in pecuniary straits—burdened with liabilities which he refused to cast from him except by honourably and rigidly paying off the last farthing—it would have been rather a just than a generous act had the Government assigned to him for life the full amount of his salary. This, however, was not done. But an exact account being taken of the years and months of his service, he was pensioned off, like an ordinary copying clerk, with 800*l.* a year. No doubt a hint was dropped that some special pension might be procured for him; but from this, with honest pride, he turned away. 'My friends,' he says in his diary, before leaving office, 'were desirous to patch up the deficiency with a pension. I did not see well how they could do this without being charged with obloquy, which they shall not be on my account.' When the above entry was made, England had fallen upon troublous times. The cry for Parliamentary Reform had been raised in

high quarters, which Sir Walter, true to the principles of a lifetime, resisted; and a pension specially conferred on him just before the Duke went out of office would have been at once looked upon, and not unnaturally, as a job. For pensions stank in men's nostrils, and Scott was by far too manly to endure that odium himself or voluntarily to throw it upon others. But to a Treasury minute assigning to the author of 'Waverley' the full pay of his clerkship for life not a voice would have been raised in opposition.

The loss of the Clerkship involved a change in his domestic habits, of which the results were, to say the least, of very doubtful benefit. He could not afford, with a diminished income, to keep up two houses; and, having no special business drawing him to Edinburgh, he made up his mind to live entirely at Abbotsford. 'Such a break in old habits,' says Lockhart, 'is always a serious experiment; but in his case it was particularly so, because it involved his losing during the winter months, when men most need society, the intercourse of almost all that remained to him of dear familiar friends. He had, besides, a love for the very stones of Edinburgh, and the thought that he was never again to sleep under a roof of his own, in his native city, cost him many a pang.' Another consideration weighed more perhaps with his family than with himself. Who could tell how soon a repetition of the fit, which had so alarmed them, might occur? and, without medical assistance ready at hand, what was his valuable life worth? It is melancholy to read that an attempt was made to smuggle into the household, under the guise of an amanuensis, some clever young doctor; and that, when the proposal was rejected, Mr. James Clarkson, 'his friendly surgeon,' secretly instructed a confidential servant how to use a lancet. We never looked upon a sadder picture than the following touching sentences portray:—

'Affliction, as it happened, lay heavy at this time on the kind house of Hundley Burn also. The eldest Miss Ferguson was on her death-bed; and thus, when my wife and I were obliged to move southwards at the beginning of winter, Sir Walter was left almost entirely dependent on his daughter Anne, William Laidlaw, and the worthy domestic whom I have named. Mr. Laidlaw attended him occasionally, as an amanuensis, when his fingers were chilblained, and often dined as well as breakfasted with him; and Miss Scott well knew that in all circumstances she might lean to Laidlaw with the confidence of a niece or a daughter. A more difficult and delicate task

never devolved upon any man's friend than Mr. Laidlaw had about this time to encounter. He could not watch Scott from hour to hour—above all, he could not write to his dictation without gradually, slowly, most reluctantly taking home to his bosom the conviction that the mighty mind, which he had worshipped through more than thirty years of intimacy, had lost something, and was daily losing something more, of its energy. The faculties were there, and each of them was every now and then displaying itself in its full vigour; but the sagacious judgment, the brilliant fancy, the unrivalled memory, were all subject to occasional eclipse—

"Along the chords the fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made."

Ever and anon he paused, and looked round him, like one half-waking from a dream and mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze showed a momentary consciousness that, like Samson in the lap of the Philistine, "his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak like unto other men." Then came the strong effort of aroused will—the cloud dispersed as if before a current of purer air—all was bright and serene as of old—and then it closed again, as in yet deeper darkness.

We must hurry over the remainder of this tale, which grows, chapter by chapter, more melancholy. Scott would work. Another and a more severe fit of paralysis scarcely kept him idle a fortnight, and remonstrance and advice were alike unavailing. 'Count Robert' was completed, and 'Castle Dangerous' begun. In order to obtain a vivid impression of the scenery of that tale, he undertook with his son-in-law a journey into Lanarkshire. He had suffered grievous wrong at Jedburgh, where, going to vote for the Tory candidate, he was stoned and even spat upon by the mob. The people, at every stage of the expedition to which we are now referring, treated him with marked respect; and he was greatly moved by it. Having accomplished his object he went on to Milton-Lockhart, the seat of Lockhart's elder brother, the Member for Lanarkshire, where a very small party of old friends was gathered to meet him. One of these, Mr. Elliot Lockhart of Borthwickbrae, had, like himself, been sorely stricken. Each saw in the other the ravages of disease, and they embraced with great emotion; but both forgot the directions of their medical attendants, and the results were startling. Scott had promised over-night to visit his friend on his way home; but, on the morrow, a messenger ar-

rived to say that Borthwickbrae, on reaching his own house, had fallen in another fit and was despaired of. Immediately Sir Walter drew his host aside, and besought him to lend him horses as far as Lanark, for he must return home at once; nor would he listen to any persuasions of delay. 'No, William,' was his answer, 'this is a sad warning; I must hence to work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work. I put that text many a year ago on my dial-stone; but it often preached in vain.'

The return to Abbotsford was far more rapid than the outward journey; and 'Castle Dangerous' was resumed, continued, and finished. But the brain could stand no more. He was accordingly persuaded to seek some rest, and to seek it in Italy, where his son Charles was then an attaché at Florence. Let it not be forgotten that Sir James Graham, the First Lord of the Admiralty, at once, on the suggestion of Captain Basil Hall, undertook to place a frigate at his disposal. This was an act of grace on the part of a Minister whom Sir Walter certainly did not support, and as such it was fully appreciated. 'Things,' he exclaimed, when the communication was made to him, 'are still in the hands of gentlemen; but woe is me. They have so undermined the state of society, that it will hardly keep together when they cease to be at the head of it.'

He had no wish to leave Abbotsford till the summer was over; and his removal was not pressed. On the contrary, having completed, for the present, all his tasks, he seemed in comparative idleness, and surrounded by those who loved him dearly, to take out, as it were, a new lease of enjoyment.

At last the summer wore itself out, and on the 23rd of September Sir Walter departed, attended by his daughter Anne and Lockhart his son-in-law, for London. Mrs. Lockhart had set out on the 20th to make ready for them, and, on the 28th, after a day spent at Rokeby, they reached Sussex Place, Regent's Park. Scott was no longer able to frequent the society which had always welcomed him with open arms. The time, indeed, would have been unfavourable for dissipation had he been either able or willing to encounter it, for the Reform struggle was at its height. A quiet dinner or two, with small assemblies in the evening, were all that his strength would now bear. These he enjoyed. But he had left his beloved Tweed-side in search of health, and to that object all others were to be made subservient. The Government showed infinite zeal

in making all the necessary arrangements for his voyage, and on the 23rd of October he set out, attended by his eldest son, for Portsmouth. Here the *Barham*, one of the finest frigates in the service, lay to receive him; and in charge of a skilful and pleasant officer, Captain Pigot, he sailed from England. Malta was the first point reached, though they went out of the way that he might see *in transitu* a submarine volcano, which during the brief period of its existence was known as Graham's Island. Indeed, wherever he desired to go, thither Captain Pigot was prepared to carry him. But we need not stop to describe either the voyage or the manner of his existence in Malta and Naples. All men vied one with another to do him honour. But, alas! the vast intellect clouded rapidly over. A consultation of physicians in London had ascertained, before he departed, that softening of the brain was begun; and day by day, and almost hour by hour, disease made progress. It was of the utmost importance that he should give his mind absolute rest, but he would work. He projected, and actually began, a romance in Malta on the siege of that island, and nearly finished it; as well as another shorter tale, entitled 'Bizarro,' after he had been but a short time at Naples. It was to no purpose that Sir William Gell, seeking to divert his attention, led him to visit all the more remarkable places in the kingdom. He looked upon them with interest only so far as they seemed to awaken in his mind recollections of similar scenes in Scotland.

We never read a sadder story than the narrative of his last visit to the Continent. Lockhart has told it admirably; making wise use of the materials with which such men as Sir William Gell and Mr. Cheney supplied him. The scraps from Scott's remarks on men and things, which these gentlemen have preserved, are most touching, both for their acuteness, and for the deep pathos which pervades them. Take the following. Mr. Cheney in speaking of Scott at Rome, just after the death of Goethe had been communicated to him:—

'He spoke of Goethe with regret; he had been in correspondence with him before his death, and had purposed visiting him at Weimar on returning to England. I told him I had been to see Goethe the year before, and that I found him well, and, though very old, in the perfect possession of all his faculties. "Of all his faculties!" he replied; "it is much better to die than to survive them, and better still to die than to live in the apprehension of it; but the worst of all," he added thoughtfully, "would have been to have survived their partial loss and yet

to be conscious of his state." He did not seem, however, to be a great admirer of some of Goethe's works. "Much of his popularity," he observed, "was owing to pieces which in his latter moments he might have wished recalled." He spoke with much feeling. I answered that he must derive great consolation in the reflection that his own popularity was owing to no such cause. He remained silent for a moment, with his eyes fixed on the ground: when he raised them, as he shook me by the hand, I perceived that his light-blue eyes sparkled with unusual moisture. He added, "I am drawing near to the close of my career: I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted."

Sir Walter had become very impatient to return home. All the charms of Italy were a burthen to him, and on the 16th of April that journey began which ended at Abbotsford. Whatever was possible to gratify his wishes, and soothe his irritability, was done by his son Charles and the faithful servant Nicolson, who attended him. They passed by Venice, through the Tyrol, Munich, Ulm, and Heidelberg, to Frankfort; but nothing in these several places, not even 'the fondly anticipated chapel at Innsbruck,' arrested his attention. At Mayence he went on board a Rhine steamboat, and seemed to enjoy the scenery of that unrivalled river; but as soon as his carriage was resumed at Cologne he relapsed into indifference. At Nimeguen another apoplectic seizure occurred, which lasted some minutes; but being bled by Nicolson he recovered his consciousness, and finally, at Rotterdam, took ship for London. He arrived at the St. James's Hotel, Jermyn Street, in possession, by fits and starts, of his faculties, and that was all. Sir Henry Halford, Dr. Holland, and one whom he dearly loved, Dr. Ferguson, were in constant attendance upon him; and the several members of his family never left him, except for repose. Nor was the feeling of sympathy confined within the domestic circle. High and low, rich and poor, from the royal family to the hackney-coachman plying in the streets, all classes of persons were earnest in their inquiries about him. The following sentences we copy from the MS. diary of Dr. Ferguson, whose sad loss to society and to themselves his many friends have not yet ceased to deplore:—

'July 29, 1834. — Sir Walter lay on the second-floor back room of the St. James's Hotel,

in Jermyn Street. He was attended by his faithful servant Nicolson, who lifted him out [of bed] with the ease of a child. I never saw anything more magnificent than his chest and neck. The head, as he lay on the pillow, with the collar of his shirt thrown back, seemed but slightly to swell above the throat. He was calm, but never collected, during the time he was in Jermyn Street. Still, he either imagined himself in the steamboat, or the noise of the carriages in the street brought up the last election at Jedburgh, where he had been pelted.

'Strange thing it is for palsy to arrest the whole current of thought in the mind at the moment at which it occurs. I once knew a musician who, while putting on his stockings, fell down in an apoplectic fit. He survived one month, and during this time said nothing but "damn the stockings," and in that faith died.

'His constant yearning to return to Abbotsford at last caused Sir Henry Halford, Dr. Holland, and myself to consent to his removal. It was on a calm, clear evening of the 7th of July, 1832, that every preparation was made. He sat in his arm-chair facing the window, which permitted the last rays of the setting sun to fall on his white, uncovered head. Round his body a large loose wrapper had been thrown. His eye was so bright and calm that Lockhart and myself both remarked its vigorous lustre—only it betokened little or no interest in the events before him, but appeared lighted by inward thoughts. He suffered himself to be lifted into his carriage, which was in the street. A crowd had gathered round it, and I observed that more than one gentleman walked his horse up and down to gaze on the wreck of the author of "Waverley." His children were all deeply affected. Mrs. Lockhart trembled from head to foot, and wept bitterly. Charles Scott, Lockhart, and Major Scott were sad. The first looked wretched; the second was pale, absorbed, and impatient; the last was the least affected. Thus surrounded by those nearest to him, he appeared, while yet alive, to be carried to his tomb; for such was the effect on my mind of the long procession of mourning friends.'

Thirty-five years have run their course since the events here recorded befell; thirty-three since the record was made. Of all the individuals connected with it, including the recorder himself, only one now walks this earth; and the few outside that circle, who in more happy days were privileged from time to time to come within it, feel while they look round as some solitary mariner may be supposed to do, who has escaped indeed from the wreck on which his ship-mates have perished, but only to watch the tide, which on its rise must sweep him from the rock to which he clings.

Sir Walter continued in this state during his voyage to Leith, and throughout the brief interval of his rest in Edinburgh.

'They placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the Vale of Gala, he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two — "Gala Water! surely — Buckholm! Torwoodlee!" As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight.'

It required all the strength of Lockhart and his servant to keep him from leaping out of the carriage.

The return to Abbotsford acted upon him as a breath of air acts upon a fire which is dying out for lack of fuel. He recognised and hailed William Laidlaw, who stood at the hall-door to receive him. He alternately sobbed and smiled over his dogs, as they fawned on him and licked his hands. He slept soundly that night, and awoke on the morrow perfectly conscious and collected. They procured a Bath-chair from Huntley Burn, and he was wheeled up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose-beds of his garden, then in full bloom. At his own desire they next wheeled him through his rooms, and he kept saying as he moved, 'I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house; give me one turn more.'

The delusion had come over him when in Malta, that all his debts were paid off, and that the future would be to him a season of more perfect enjoyment than the past. A different persuasion took possession of him soon after he found himself at home again; and casting aside the plaids with which they had covered him in his chair, he said, a day or two after his arrival, 'This is sad idleness, I shall forget what I have been thinking of if I don't set it down now. Take me into my room and fetch me the keys of my desk.'

'He solicited this so earnestly,' says Lockhart, 'that we could not refuse; his daughter went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk and he found himself in his old position, he smiled and thanked us and said, "Now give me my pen and leave me a little to myself." Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office and it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing him-

self by and by, he motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said he, "no repose for Sir Walter but the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes, "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself — get me to bed."'

They got him to bed, and he never rose from it more.

'About half-past one P.M., on the 21st of September, 1832, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as they knelt round the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'

So lived and died one of the greatest writers, one of the noblest men, whom Britain — may we not say Europe? — has produced. Sir Walter Scott had his failings, and we have not scrupled to lay them bare. Few indeed that have ever lived could better endure to have their failings exposed. But his merits, as well moral as intellectual, were of so transcendent a nature that they cast quite into the shade errors, which had their root neither in vice nor in meanness, but in an imagination preternaturally gigantic. Sir Walter Scott was as much in earnest when he set all Scotland agog to greet the arrival of George IV., as if he had taken a leading part to bring back the Stuarts to the capital of their forefathers. The glass from which the King drained his whisky to the poet's health, on the quarter-deck of the Royal yacht, would have been laid up among the most sacred relics at Abbotsford, had it not been crushed to pieces by an accident. In like manner his own manner of life on Tweed-side, his Abbotsford hunts, his joyous carouses, transported him back to times when moss-trooping was a manly occupation. There is not one of his tales, whether in prose or verse, which fails to show upon the face of it that the scenes which are therein described were as much realities to him as if he had lived through them. It was this chronic state of hallucination, indeed, this inability to free himself from the spells of enchantment, which not only gave all the colouring to his best romances, but made the man himself what he was. He could no more help buying up land, building a castle, dressing its walls

with trophies of war and of the chase, and emblazoning its roof with the quarterings of noble families, than he could help breathing. Yet how generous he was, how gentle, how considerate in all his dealings with all who approached him; how unselfish, how true to his friendships, how willing to forget and to forgive wrongs, by whomsoever committed! Only once, in his whole life, is he known to have acted with rudeness to any one, and that was when he turned his back upon the late Lord Holland, because Lord Holland had spoken ungenerously, as he conceived, of a favourite brother in the House of Lords. Of Scott's great personal courage there could be no doubt. He had some opportunities of proving this in his scuffles with democrats and rioters in early life; and later, when General Gourgaud blustered about what had been written of that gentleman's proceedings at St. Helena, he anticipated a challenge and was ready to accept it. His sense of knightly honour was, indeed, keen to a degree.

Qualities like these, by whomsoever possessed, are always popular; and when, as in the case of Scott, they are combined with the genius which stirs the hearts of nations, they give to their possessor a place in the people's love which no other eminence can command. Proofs of the veneration in which all classes held him greeted Scott wherever he went. Twice, on the occasion of the coronation of George IV., this was shown in a remarkable way. The Rev. Mr. Harness, the accomplished friend of Mrs. Siddons and Lord Byron, describes that while he was standing in Westminster Hall, a spectator of the coronation feast, he observed Sir Walter trying, but in vain, to make his way through the crowd to a seat which had been reserved for him. 'There's Sir Walter Scott,' said Mr. Harness aloud, 'let us make way for him.' There was no need for more. The throng pressed itself back so as to make a lane for Scott, and he passed through without the slightest inconvenience. The same night, walking home with a friend, they fell upon a part of the street which was guarded by the Greys, and by which orders were given that no one should be allowed to pass. 'Take my arm, Sir Walter,' said his friend, 'and we will go elsewhere.' 'What Sir Walter?' demanded the sergeant in command of the party. 'Sir Walter Scott,' was the reply. 'What! Sir Walter Scott?' exclaimed the sergeant. 'He shall get through any how. Make room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman!' And way was made. Similar to this was the incident which befell when George IV. was in Edin-

burgh. Sir Walter was proceeding with Sir Robert, then Mr. Peel, up the High-street, to show him the Castle. The throng was great, and Mr. Peel observed, 'Are you not afraid that these good people will mob us, out of admiration for you?' 'Oh, no,' was the reply; 'they are too full of loyalty at this moment to care for anything else.' It was not so; the mob soon recognised their favourite, and they did not hustle or incommode him, but they greeted him with cheers as if he had been the King.

As to the dwellers on the Border — his 'own people,' as he called them — to them he came as near to the condition of a leading chieftain in their clan as it was possible for any man in the nineteenth century to do. The sheriff's will was law to his humble neighbours — the sheriff's society the greatest enjoyment of their lives. 'Eh! Meg,' said a Border farmer to his wife, as he undressed to go to bed, after an Abbotsford hunt-dinner, 'I wish I could sleep a tow-mont. There's naething worth living for, binna the Abbotsford hunt and the dinner.'

Scott's personal appearance was striking and peculiar. In height he surpassed the middle size. His shoulders were broad, his chest wide, his arms strong, his hands large. But for the shrunken limb he would have been the very *beau ideal* of a stalwart Liddesdale yeoman. His features were not regular: his eyes grey, and deeply set in their sockets; his forehead broad and high, but not particularly so. When in repose his countenance was heavy; but no sooner was his fancy appealed to than it lighted up, and eye and mouth became alike expressive of emotion — either ludicrous or pathetic. His voice was pleasing, though he knew nothing of music; he read well, but with a strong Scottish accent. His conversation overflowed with humour; and in discussing the merits of other men, he seemed always to look for something to praise. No man ever lived who won so many friends and made so few enemies. Absence of all literary envy and jealousy was one of the most striking features of his character. Lord Byron might well say Scott could be jealous of no one.

It was decided that Sir Walter's funeral should be conducted in a very unostentatious manner, only the oldest of his friends being invited to be present. The coffin was borne to the hearse and from the hearse to the grave by his old domestics and foresters, who petitioned that no mercenary hand should be allowed to touch it. Yet of voluntary followers, as soon as the procession set forward, the throng was so great that the

carriages alone extended over more than a mile. All the inhabitants of all the villages through which the *cortège* passed turned out in black, and with heads uncovered. The wide enclosure of the Abbey grounds was filled in like manner; and amid profound and reverential silence Archdeacon Williams read the service. Sir Walter sleeps beside his wife in the sepulchre of his fathers; and at his feet lies all that was mortal of his son-in-law and biographer, John Gibson Lockhart.

From The Edinburgh Review.

Don Carlos et Philippe II. Par M. GACHARD, de l'Académie Royale des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Beaux Arts de Beligues, &c. 2nde Edition. Paris: 1867.

THE arrest and death of Don Carlos, the source of stupefaction and of a thousand wild surmises to contemporaries, have ever since remained one of the mysterious problems of history. The tragic destiny of the youthful heir of the immense monarchy of Spain, the son of Philip II., the grandson of Charles V., and the descendant of Charles the Bold, has assumed a romantic form when viewed through the transforming medium of poetry; but the purposes of history can only be served by the sober reality of evidence; and our knowledge of the character of the mysterious monarch, who enveloped himself in the darkness of counsels inscrutable to the wisest of his time, who exercised so terrible an influence on the course of human affairs, and earned for himself in the North the appellation of the 'Demon of the South,' is, as might be expected, capable of being considerably increased by a true explanation of the history of Don Carlos, and the motives of his unnatural father. This dark story has now been elicited, by the scrupulous activity and enterprise of M. Gachard, from a mass of state papers, reports of ambassadors, and other documents reposing hitherto unexamined in the archives of almost every country in Europe. It cannot be said that no uncertainty remains as to what was the veritable character of the unhappy prince; perhaps his weaknesses might have been corrected, his capacity improved, and his moral nature elevated by the influence of proper education and mild and salutary discipline, in a congenial atmosphere of sympathy and affection; but at least by the

labours of M. Gachard the veil of mystery is completely raised from his short and hapless life. The archives of Simancas, of Paris, of Belgium and Holland, of Vienna, of Turin, of the Vatican, the State Paper Office, and the British Museum have all been thoroughly investigated for the purposes of the present volume. From the archives of Vienna especially the letters of the Baron von Dietrichstein, the imperial envoy at the court of Madrid, form a most trustworthy addition to the documentary sources of knowledge on this subject, since the Emperor and Empress of Germany had a more lively interest than any of their contemporary sovereigns in being kept accurately informed of the truth respecting Don Carlos, who was betrothed to the Archduchess Anne, their own daughter.

The mother of this unfortunate prince was Doña Maria, an Infanta of Portugal, daughter of John II. and Catharine of Austria, the sister of Charles V. Her marriage with the heir of Charles V. was an alliance dictated by policy, which the correspondence of age and of personal qualities in bride and bridegroom rendered of more happy augury than is usual in such unions. The Spaniards regarded with pleasure this renewed tie between the two monarchies of the Iberian peninsula. Philip was sixteen and a half years of age, while Doña Maria was but a few months younger. The prince of the Asturias was regarded as one of the most promising heirs of royalty of his time, and his personal appearance was good and remarkable. Maria of Portugal was possessed likewise of a graceful person and an agreeable face, with a captivating smile. The marriage was solemnised at Salamanca, on the 15th of November, 1543, and Don Carlos was born nearly two years after, on the 8th of July, 1545, at Valladolid, where Philip had fixed his residence. The news of the birth of an heir to the crown of Spain was received with rapture, both by the nation and Charles V., who was then holding the diet of the empire at Worms. This joy, however, was speedily changed into universal mourning over the untimely fate of the youthful mother, who died four days after her delivery. Philip was afflicted with profound grief, and retired into complete privacy at the monastery of Albrojo, whence he only returned to Valladolid two days after the child Don Carlos had undergone the ceremony of baptism in that city.

If we are to believe the report which Paolo Tiepolo, the Venetian ambassador, made eighteen years later to the senate, Don Carlos from his very birth manifested

savage instincts, and began by biting the breast of his nurse. Three nurses, we are told, received such injuries from the infant month of the Prince, that they nearly died of their effects. But it is clear that no reliance can be placed on such scraps of tittle-tattle picked up in the antechambers of the palace at Madrid long after they are said to have happened. M. Gachard has not sufficiently put the reader on his guard against the loose and indiscriminate statements which tell against Don Carlos, in the reports of the Venetian ambassadors and others, based principally on information obtained from the courtiers of Philip II., when the sure way to the King's favour was to speak ill of the son.

Up, however, to the time of the termination of a nearly fatal illness of Don Carlos, Philip seems to have fulfilled, as far as was compatible with his nature and his religious opinions, the part of a not unnatural father. He gave the infant a governess, Doña Leonor de Mascareñas, a Portuguese lady of high birth, and requested her to treat the child as a mother. He placed him under the protection of his aunts, Doña Maria and Doña Juana, sisters of the King, who lived at Alcala de Henares, from whence the child was brought to Valladolid, on the occasion of the marriage of Doña Maria with the Archduke Maximilian in the same city, an event which left Don Carlos under the sole guardianship of Doña Juana. Both these princesses exhibited the liveliest affection and solicitude for the welfare of their nephew as long as he lived, and wept over his lamentable fate with deep affliction. As the latter was subsequently eager to marry him herself, and the former was equally eager to see him married to her daughter, it is not probable that he was so incorrigible a madman or so great a monster as Philip and his courtiers endeavoured to persuade the world. When Don Carlos was six years of age he was deprived likewise of his aunt Doña Juana, who married Don Juan, the heir-presumptive of the crown of Portugal. The prince showed, at this early age, that craving for sympathy and affection which was his characteristic through life. He wept bitterly for three days, saying, 'What will become of the child (*el niño*, as he called himself), all alone here, without father or mother, my grandfather being in Germany and my father in Monzon?'* And the boy threw himself into the arms of Don Luis Sarmiento, one of his attendants (who had orders to accompany

the princess), and prayed for his speedy return. Philip saw very little of his infant son, as he passed most of his time in Flanders, but he gave him a governor at the age of seven, and a tutor at the age of eight. The tutor appointed was Honorato Juan, who appears to have been a man of considerable learning in the classical languages and in mathematics, and to have fulfilled his charge with diligence, although, from the blame which was subsequently thrown on the early education of Don Carlos, it is prooable that the duties of the early discipline and moral government of the Prince were not performed with proper judgment and vigilance. The early progress of the Prince in his studies was, however, satisfactory. Both the Emperor and Philip gave directions about their conduct, and appear to have expressed satisfaction in the result. The Emperor shortly afterwards had himself an opportunity of forming his own judgment of his grandson, when he passed through Valladolid on his way to the retreat at Yuste, when he had taken the extraordinary resolution of laying aside the imperial crown, and passing the rest of his life in a lonely monastery of Estremadura. The young Prince of the Asturias was then once more living under the protection of his aunt, the Doña Juana, who had become a widow after a brief marriage with Don Juan of Portugal, and was fulfilling the office of Regent of Spain in the absence of Philip. Don Carlos had, indeed, occupied the royal seat at the great ceremony at Valladolid, when it was proclaimed that Philip had taken possession of the crown of Spain. He sat under a dais of rich brocade, with the ambassador of Portugal on his right, the prelates, the grandees, and the great dignitaries of the court and council grouped around him, and the heralds-at-arms in front. When the *corregidor* and the *ayuntamiento* of the town brought the standard of Castile, Don Carlos rose, took it in his hands, and waving it with the aid of his governor, Don Antonio de Rojas, cried aloud, 'Castile! Castile! for the King, Don Philip, our Lord.' On the news of the approach of his grandsire, Don Carlos showed the liveliest symptoms of joy, and desired to go to meet him. He was persuaded, however, to send merely a letter of congratulation, and await the Emperor's pleasure. Charles appointed to meet his grandson at the village of Cabezon, two leagues from Valladolid, and during his stay of two weeks at that city passed much of his time with the future heir of the monarchy. We are left in doubt as to what

* A small town of Aragon, where the Cortes were assembled.

was the real impression made on his mind by his intercourse with his grandson. According to the almoner of the Prince — Osorio — Charles was so delighted with Don Carlos that he desired him to have a place at the council-board when important matters were discussed. According to others, he said to the dowager-queen, Eleanor, the widow of Francis I., 'It seems to me he is very turbulent. His manner and disposition do not please me. I do not know what he may not become some day.' And Cabrera * relates that Charles even reprimanded the boy for the little respect he showed to his aunt. Nothing, indeed, is more probable than that Doña Juana, who was still a young and pleasing person, and who, indeed, later wished to marry Don Carlos herself, should have patted the youth and made of him a spoiled child. The little difference in their ages rendered her an unfitting guardian for a boy who needed, above all things, a severe discipline to subdue a stubborn and wilful nature. Two examples of the obstinacy of his disposition had indeed struck the attention of Charles V. himself. One of these excited the Emperor's laughter, and might be regarded as not of bad augury: the other would hardly bear a good interpretation.

The first instance occurred while Charles was narrating to his grandson the circumstances of his flight from the Elector Maurice — for the boy was never weary of questioning his grandfather about the wars in which he had been engaged. Don Carlos exclaimed with passion that he would never have fled; and on the Emperor attempting to prove to him that flight was inevitable in some cases, he replied that he would never be induced to fly, and with such a mien of exasperation as roused the mirth of all his hearers. In the other case, he had set his desires on possessing a stove which the Emperor had brought from Flanders for his personal use, and only desisted from his importunate requests by the assurance of Charles that he should have it after his own decease.

Not long after the Emperor had settled himself down in his monastic retreat in Estremadura, it appears that the Prince gave less satisfaction in his studies, which made so little progress, that both his governor Don García de Toledo and Doña

Juana, his aunt, besought Charles to have his grandson with him at Yuste in order that his authority might exercise a check upon the boy's unruly disposition; but the imperial hermit, who had gone into retirement with a fixed intention of leading as easy a life as was compatible with his constant fits of gout, was not anxious to assume the supervision of an intractable grandson, and turned a deaf ear to the suggestion.

Statements of the cruelty of his nature at this early age, and the extreme violence and obstinacy of his disposition, are to be found in the relation of Badoer, the Venetian ambassador accredited to Philip II. in the Low Countries. But since Badoer never was in Spain, no great reliance can be given to his statements. To this ambassador are attributed two stories that Don Carlos roasted hares alive, and bit off the head of a large asp. If such things really happened, the education and guardianship of the Prince must have been shamefully conducted. Other marks of character recorded by Badoer, such as his great eagerness for stories about war, excessive pride exhibited in unwillingness to stand cap in hand before his father and grandfather, and a fondness for rich dresses, may have been true enough, but were no signs of a bad and incorrigible disposition. However, with the horrible spectacles of *autos da fé* before his eyes, and the necessity imposed upon the young Prince of beholding them, it would have been but natural that he should acquire a taste for cruel sports. On the 21st of May, 1559, Don Carlos, with Doña Juana and all the Court, was present at one of these abominable holocausts on the *Plaza mayor* of Valladolid. This detestable exhibition lasted for twelve hours, from seven in the morning to seven at night. Seven victims were burnt alive; a dozen others having recanted their heresies were strangled with the *garrote* and their corpses then delivered to the flames; a score of others were admitted to reconciliation and consigned again to a prison which was for the most part to be their tomb. After the sentences had been read, and the sermon called the sermon of *faith* preached, the inquisitor of Valladolid advanced to the royal platform and demanded that the young Prince and Doña Juana, the *gobernadora*, should swear to maintain the Holy Office and reveal every word and deed which should come to their knowledge against the Catholic Faith. On the 8th of October of the same year another exhibition of these human sacrifices took place on the *Plaza mayor* of Madrid,

* The testimony of Cabrera should be received with some suspicion, when it tells against Don Carlos. M. Gachard has shown that many of his statements are not truthful. It must be remembered that he wrote under the reign of a monarch who profited by the punishment and death of Don Carlos.

and at that also Don Carlos was present seated by the side of his father, who had just returned from Flanders. It was on this occasion that Philip made the horrible speech called the *famosa sentencia* by his Catholic panegyrists. As one of the victims was being led to the *quemadero*, he reproached the King with the cruelty of his fate, when Philip replied that if his son should offend against the Catholic Church, he himself would bear the fagots for his burning. Familiarised with such spectacles, it were little wonder indeed if the Prince, as Badoer relates, did really amuse himself with the burning of living animals. Don Carlos would but have practised on dumb creatures the same cruelties as Philip perpetrated upon human beings.

From henceforward Philip continued to reside in Spain. His return to his native country had been welcomed with the liveliest demonstrations of national joy. From the time that by the extinction of the national dynasty the crown of Spain had passed into the House of Austria, the kingdom had suffered lamentably from the continued absence of the sovereign. During his reign of forty years Charles V. had barely passed fifteen or sixteen summers in the chief seat of his dominions. Philip had been absent ever since the abdication of the Emperor. The prolonged absence of the chief authority had thrown the affairs of the kingdom into the greatest disorder. The gravest questions remained unsettled; the obedience of the chief nobles, the diligence of the chief officers of state, were relaxed; and the Ministers distributed offices and favours according to their own caprices and private interests, to the great prejudice of the Government and the discontent of the nation, which was exhausted by the excessive supplies of money and men exacted from it year after year to sustain the authority of their princes in foreign countries. Philip II., who was a true Spaniard at heart and enjoyed residence in no country but Spain, acquiesced willingly in the national desire for his return, and not only for the remaining thirty-nine years of his life never quitted the country, but there is reason to believe, in spite of all demonstrations to the contrary, never intended to do so.

The victories of Saint Quentin and Gravelines, after which he had concluded the advantageous peace of Câteau Cambresis with France, enabled him to come back to Spain at this period. This treaty has an especial interest in connexion with Don Carlos, since it was arranged by that convention that the Prince of the Asturias

should marry Elizabeth de Valois, the daughter of Catherine de Medicis, the course of whose destiny indeed forms a curious parallel to that of Don Carlos, although romance has entirely transfigured the character of their relations.

At the time of the conclusion of that treaty Mary Tudor was living; but in the following year the death of the English Queen made Philip a widower, and the monarch determined to take the place of Don Carlos in the arrangements of Câteau Cambresis, and thus immediately secure all the advantages of the French alliance. Elizabeth of Valois, called subsequently *Isabella della Paz* by the Spaniards, by whom she was extremely beloved, was the grandniece of Charles V. and the granddaughter of Francis I. Henry VIII. was her godfather, and from him she received the name Elizabeth. She is declared by Brantôme to have been the very best princess of her time, and to have been loved by all the world. She was not only adorned with the utmost grace of mind and person, with expressive black eyes and abundant hair of the same colour, but was of an extremely amiable and sensitive nature. Elizabeth had received her education in company with Mary Stuart, and the Latin themes of the two princesses and their correspondence in Latin are still extant, and afford an interesting example of the manner in which the education of the daughters of royal families was then conducted. At the time of her marriage with Philip she was fourteen and Philip thirty-two years of age. She appears to have looked forward to the prospect of a life with Philip with dismay, and the circumstances attending her entry were not of happy augury. On taking leave of the King of Navarre, who conducted her to the frontier, she fainted in his arms; and she entered Spain on the 4th of January 1560, during a terrible snow-storm, the worst known for thirty years. Her first resting-place was the monastery of Roncesvalles. At that place she was delivered over to the representatives of Philip and the ceremonious rigour of the Spaniards. The difficulties of etiquette, and the jealousy of French and Spanish attendants — which always attended the intermarriages of France and Spain — joined with the inclemency of the weather, did nothing to allay the forebodings of the young princess. The arrogance and despotic airs of the *camerera mayor*, the Countess d'Urcigna, were inflexible during the journey. Her first meeting with Philip took place on the 30th of January, at Guadala-

jara, but the bridegroom was stern and unamiable, for as the frightened child looked anxiously at the features of her future husband, he said: 'What are you staring at? — to see if I have grey hairs' (*Que mirais? si tengo cañas*)? They were married on the morrow, and on the 12th of February the Queen entered Toledo in a solemn procession which lasted six hours, from one to seven in the evening. Elizabeth was received at the palace by Don Carlos, accompanied by Don Juan of Austria, his uncle, and Alexander Farnese, both of whom were of the same age as the Prince, and educated with him, and both of whom were destined to play so prominent a part in history. Don Carlos had just recovered from one of the fevers which ravaged his youth, for he was naturally of a sickly constitution, which was increased by the little care he took of his diet. The interview of the new Queen of Spain with the heir-apparent, to whom she originally had been betrothed, must naturally have excited curiosity on both sides; but there is no reason for believing that the young and graceful princess could possibly be struck with a sudden passion for a sallow-faced sickly boy of fifteen, and the interest she afterwards displayed in him may fairly be attributed to the sympathy excited by his delicate health and his misfortunes.

Ten days after her entry into Toledo, the heir to the crown received the oath of allegiance of the Cortes. The procession with which he passed through the streets to the portal of the cathedral was one of great magnificence. The young Prince, in a splendid costume, rode a white horse nobly caparisoned, beside Don Juan of Austria, while before him were marshalled Alexander Farnese and a crowd of the greatest nobles of Spain. He appears to have conducted himself with suitable dignity, and, on the Duke of Alva omitting to kiss his hand, according to the etiquette of the ceremony, he rebuked him with a look of authority which made the Duke apologise for his neglect. Nevertheless the fever which consumed him still held its course, and not long after he was sent, for the benefit of purer air, once more to Alcalá de Henarès, about six leagues from Madrid, to pursue his studies in company with Don Juan and Alexander Farnese, in the residence built for the archbishops of Toledo. While here a calamitous accident threatened to put an end to his life, and its effects probably had an enduring influence on his disposition. On the 18th of April, 1562, he had made an assignation in the garden of the palace

with a pretty girl, a daughter of one of the door-keepers of the place. Immediately after an early repast he hurried off with precipitation to keep his appointment. Eager to escape observation, and with thoughtless haste, he descended the winding steps of a steep back staircase, missed his footing, and fell headlong against a door at the bottom which had been purposely closed to put a stop to these secret meetings. His cries brought his attendants to the spot, and he was carried to his room. It was found that he had a wound on the back of his head. The cut was dressed, the operation causing great pain, and he was put to bed. He perspired profusely for an hour and a half, when he took medicine, and eight ounces of blood were taken from him. On the news of his son's accident, Philip displayed every sign of emotion, and throughout the whole of this illness he watched over him with paternal solicitude. He despatched his own physicians to attend the Prince. But their skill was of no avail. Don Carlos continued to be consumed with a violent fever, accompanied with pains in the head, the neck, and in his right leg, and on the eleventh day after the wound he was considered in such a critical state that a bulletin was despatched to the King. Philip II. was engaged in an audience with the ambassador of France when two gentlemen came close upon the other with news of his son's increasing illness, and of the decision which the physicians had come to that the skull of the young Prince ought to be laid open and examined. The King started off the same night for Alcalá, and took with him André Vesale, the great anatomist, then attached to his person. The young Prince got rapidly worse; he suffered in turns from fever, headache, vomiting, sleeplessness, inflammation of the face, defective vision, paralysis of the right leg, extreme prostration and delirium, and his lips looked like the lips of a corpse. Philip ordered public prayers to be offered for his recovery in the churches, and he himself passed hours on his knees in supplication for the life of his only child. Happy indeed had it been both for father and son if the prayer had been ineffectual. The King was unremitting in his attendance at his son's sick bed; he was present at all the consultations, some of which lasted six hours; he was observed by the ambassadors to have his eyes full of tears as he watched the deathly pallor of the prince's features, and his sorrow excited universal compassion. The Duke of Alva, Don Garcia de

Toledo, Luis Quijada, Honorato Juan, and all the attendants of the Prince rivalled each other in unceasing zeal, and all Spain took part in the King's affliction.

The churches were crowded with supplicants. At Madrid there were processions day and night—crowds subjected themselves to penitential discipline. At Toledo they counted three thousand five hundred of such penitents. The Queen, Elizabeth of Valois, and Doña Juana, passed nights in prayer before an image of the Virgin: Doña Juana even went barefoot on pilgrimage to the Segovian monastery of Nuestra Señora de la Consolacion. Nine physicians and surgeons were congregated round the sick boy's couch: they exhausted all the remedies of such art as they possessed; and on the 8th of May declared the Prince had but three or four hours to live. The King was besought to spare himself the pain of the young Prince's last agony; and he departed from Alcalá in the middle of a dark and tempestuous night, in unspeakable grief, ill himself with a fever, the result of the severe trial of body and mind through which he had passed, and leaving behind him instructions for the performance of the obsequies of his son.

After the departure of the King, André Vesale and the doctors held another consultation, the result of which was that they resolved to trepan the skull. The operation was performed. Shortly after, in accordance with the superstition of the time, the body of a monk, Fray Diego, who had died in the odour of sanctity, was brought into the chamber of the Prince, and the patient was requested to touch it. It is said that he immediately felt relieved, and that a vision of the monk appeared to him the same evening. The state of the Prince improved from that hour, and the amelioration was ascribed, not to the operation of trepanning, but to the intervention of Fray Diego. A Morocco doctor was also called from Valence, at the request of the King, and his ointments were applied to the wound; and after various other chirurgical expedients the life of the Prince was, on or about the 16th of May, declared to be out of danger.

The King returned to Alcalá soon after the first news of the favourable change, and remained another week by his son's side, who was not, however, able to leave his bed before the 14th of June. The wound was entirely healed before the 1st of July, when he quitted Alcalá to join the royal family at Madrid, and was received in tri-

umph by the people and the grandes of Spain.

During this illness Don Carlos was the object of universal care and affection, from the King down to the King's lowest subjects; and it was, consequently, in this sense the most interesting period of his brief existence; for not long after his recovery discord between the father and son arose and became constant, till it degenerated on both sides into fixed and inextinguishable contempt and hatred. After his recovery from the effects of his fall, the young Prince was again attacked by the fever, which never left him except at rare intervals. Its intensity was aggravated by the excesses of the table to which he abandoned himself. Nothing could be more repulsive to the sober and precise Philip II. than such gluttonous extravagance, and he reprimanded his son severely, who submitted to his rebuke in anger and sullenness. The Prince was the less inclined to receive kindly his father's admonitions in this respect, as he nourished an ill-concealed rancour against his parent for not having already admitted him to a participation in some of the great offices of state, and for not having been entrusted with the government of some of the provinces. Philip, at an earlier age, had been loaded by his father with dignities of the most important character, and Don Carlos chafed and raged in desperation from a sense of neglect and insignificance. At the age of nineteen, however, Phillip II. admitted him to a seat at the Council of State, and reorganised the establishment of his household on a more princely footing; but these favours were more than counterbalanced in the eyes of the Prince by the appointment of Ruy Gomez de Silva, the Prince of Eboli, the great confidant of Philip from his earliest youth, to the charge of *ayo* and Grand Master of the heir-apparent. To Ruy Gomez, Don Carlos had ever shown a violent antipathy; he always accounted him through life his greatest enemy, and he behaved towards him with great violence on several occasions, and used menaces of future vengeance, which were carried to the ears of Philip, who had placed his early associates and most devoted attendants about the person of Don Carlos expressly for the purpose of keeping a closer watch on his actions. The young Prince was perfectly sensible that he was subjected to a system of espionage, but so far from endeavouring to conceal his ill-humour, he broke loose on all occasions with increasing

bitterness against the treatment of his father and the want of consideration which was given to his position as heir-apparent.

The portraits given of him by various ambassadors at this period agree with each other in representing him as of somewhat low stature, with one leg shorter than the other, and one shoulder higher than its fellow; he had a slight hump upon his back; his chest was hollow, his forehead low, his eyes grey, his beard small, his hair brown; his voice was squeaking and he articulated with difficulty, especially the letters *l* and *r*; he took no pleasure in the practice of arms, in riding, or in the exercises common to the youth of his time; he was obstinate in his opinions; his manners were rough to all the world; and he showed himself especially hostile to the attendants his father placed about him.

It was about this time that Brantôme passed through Madrid on his return from Portugal; and though his courtier spirit always endeavoured to see every prince with favourable eyes, his account of Don Carlos is not attractive. This description of his person, however, leaves a more favourable impression than the account of the ambassadors. He found him in 'une très-bonne façon et bonne grâce: encore qu'il eut son corps un peu gâsté: mais cela paraît peu.' But as to his conduct and character, he confesses that 'il estoit très-bizarre et tout plein de natretés. Il menaçoit, il frappoit, il injurioit.' He speaks of his violence towards Ruy Gomez; and as to his other servants, he says if he was not well served 'il ne faut pas demander comment il les estrilloit.' He adds the story of his having obliged a bootmaker to eat a pair of boots in *fricassée* before him because they were not made to his liking, but not in a manner as if he gave it belief. He relates, however, that the Prince and ten or twelve of his pages of honour scoured the pavement day and night in Madrid, and drew their swords at the slightest pretext; that he grossly insulted women of every class, although he always exhibited the most reverential respect for the Queen. 'Car estant devant elle, il changeoit du tout d'humeur et de naturel, voire de couleur. Enfin il estoit un terrible masle.'

Such are the strange anomalies attached to royal birth, that this eccentric cripple, whose life had been despaired of at the age of fourteen, and who was destined to leave a name of gloom and terror as the victim of his own passions and of his father's severity, was an object of intrigue to nearly all the

crowned heads of Europe. Not a single court, with the exception of that of Elizabeth of England, who herself in a jesting way complained that they had not married her to Don Carlos, but wanted to give a wife to this sickly, passionate youth, and not a single princess but would have been proud to accept his hand. As long as there was any hope left the negotiations were incessant. Among the princesses to whom it was proposed to marry him were Marguerite de Valois, afterwards the wife of Henry IV., Mary Queen of Scots, his aunt Doña Juana, and the Archduchess Anne of Austria. The wily Catherine de Medicis, besides trying every diplomatic manœuvre through her ambassadors, wrote the most pressing letters to her daughter Elizabeth to use all her influence to bring about the marriage of Don Carlos with her only unmarried daughter, and never desisted from her pertinacity till Philip II. himself was obliged to inform her that his engagements would not permit him to encourage her hopes any longer. The subtle monarch had acquired all the benefits he could possibly acquire from a French alliance by his own marriage with a daughter of France, and was not to be seduced by any representations of the charms of Marguerite de Valois. The alliance of Mary Queen of Scots was one he regarded with greater favour, and he allowed negotiations to be set on foot, which were conducted with all the duplicity and procrastinating artifices in which this great master of dissimulation was so perfect an adept. Mary Stuart was two years and a half older than Don Carlos, endowed not only with charms of mind and person, celebrated in every tongue from that time to this, but with a reversionary right to the Crown of England. In the hope of uniting England with the Spanish monarchy and of recovering the island from the dominion of heretics, Philip had nine years previously espoused Mary Tudor, many years older than himself, without charms of person, manners, or intelligence. After the death of his melancholy English queen he had for the same reason sought the hand of her Protestant sister in spite of the very probable chance of a refusal calculated to lower his consideration in the eyes of Europe; and now it seemed possible to secure for his son the alliance of the most accomplished princess of her time, with graces of person rivalling those of her mind, who would bring into his family not only prospective rights to the throne of England, but would place immediately upon his head the crown of Scotland. If he neglected to seize this

auspicious occasion; Austria was not unwilling, and France would certainly make every effort to profit by his neglect and secure the hand of the Queen of Scotland for one of their own royal family. His perplexity was great, and with his usual habit of procrastination, he was unable for some time to take any decided steps. Two other marriages seemed to him to offer equal if not superior advantages, and he had in some measure engaged himself in both cases.

In the first place, Doña Juana, the sister of Philip II., the early guardian of her nephew, who had been left a widow at eighteen and a half years of age, by the death of her husband, the Infant Don Juan, the heir of the Crown of Portugal, put forward her own claims to the hand of Don Carlos. She was at that time ten years older than the Prince; but she was reputed to be one of the most beautiful and graceful women of all Castille; and after her marriage of barely two years' duration with Don Juan, on her return to Spain, and in the absence of Philip II., she had not only taken charge of Don Carlos, but had conducted the affairs of the monarchy in a manner which had gained the esteem and admiration of her brother and his subjects.

Two aspirants for the honour of her hand had already presented themselves, but had been rejected with disdain. The first was the Duke of Ferrara of the House of Este, whose offers she declared, according to the expression of the Bishop of Limoges, to be '*trop bas et petit pour sa qualité*.' The second suitor was a son of the Duke Cosmo, Francisco de Medicis, who himself came to the court of Madrid to urge his pretensions; though received by Philip himself on terms of great cordiality, his ambition gave disgust to the haughty spirit of the Spaniards, even Doña Juana herself, the Venetian ambassador declares, reiterated again and again, that she would never take for husband '*il figliuolo di un mercante*.' The crown of the Queen of Spain seemed alone capable of replacing that which she had lost by the death of the Infante of Portugal, and the Cortes of Castille, in a solemn address to Philip, earnestly recommended the marriage, to which recommendation he had replied in favourable terms. But Don Carlos was not of a humour to accept for princess a wife out of complaisance to his father or as a matter of state. He broke out into terms of violence and repugnance at the mere mention of a union with his aunt, and had already resolved with all the obstinacy of his nature on another marriage,

which had been recommended on his death-bed by the Emperor Charles V. The princess in question was the Archduchess Anne of Austria, the daughter of Maximilian, the King of Hungary and Bohemia, and Doña Maria, Philip's sister, and one of the former guardians of Don Carlos. Philip and Maximilian had, in spite of much early antipathy, seen the advantage of keeping up the family alliance between Austria and Spain, and the sons of Maximilian, the Archdukes Rodolph and Ernest, had been sent to Spain to receive their education. The Emperor Ferdinand, the father of Maximilian, had made overtures to the ambassador of Philip for the marriage of his granddaughter with Don Carlos. The Spanish King was fully alive to the advantages of the alliance. The continuous state of revolt of the Low Countries and the indomitable obstinacy of the heretical party who fostered it, the danger of an alliance between the insurgents and the House of Valois and between the Houses of Valois and Austria, were strong arguments for securing the friendship of the King of the Romans. At the same time, as he became disabused of the notion that it was possible to secure the annexation of England and Scotland to the Spanish monarchy, or to hope for the extinction of Protestantism in those countries, he receded more and more from the project of a marriage with Mary Stuart. On the other hand, Don Carlos had conceived a strong attachment for his cousin; he had seen her portrait and found her features and her person eminently pleasing; he had declared that he would never marry any other person; and on one occasion when riding in the park at Segovia with the Queen Elizabeth, on being asked by his young mother-in-law, after a long interval of silence, where his thoughts were, he replied they were at two hundred leagues from there; and on being pressed again, replied that they were with his cousin. Under the influence of all these considerations Philip proceeded so far that when Catherine de Medicis once more made propositions about the marriage with Marguerite de Valois, he was obliged to say that, as regarded the marriage of his son, he had contracted engagements from which it was impossible to draw back.

At the same time the antipathy between father and son increased daily, and the delay with which Philip thought it necessary to prolong the negotiations for the Austrian marriage did no little towards increasing it. Philip and Don Carlos were both well

aware that a necessary consequence of such a marriage would be that the latter must be provided with some great office of state, and that the government of the Low Countries, for which he had been designated from his early youth, could no longer be refused him.

The Spanish education of Philip had resulted in giving him a nature entirely different from that of the great Emperor, who remained always a Fleming in his tastes, in his frankness and his good humour, his conviviality and his friendly courtesy towards his nobles and attendants. Philip, with the blond hair, blue eyes, and outward appearance of a Fleming, became more Spanish than the Spaniards themselves. His haughtiness, his pride, his reserve, his imperturbable aspect, his abstinence from every show of emotion, the unchangeable *sosiego* which characterised his life and conduct, resumed in a complete manner the peculiarities which distinguished the Spanish grandees of his time. Charles V. could talk fluently in all the languages of Europe; but Philip would use no tongue but the Spanish. Charles would admit freely to his table princes, counsellors, and nobles; but Philip dined always alone. Nobody was considered worthy of sitting at meat with him. Even his queen and his son and his sister were only allowed to partake of that honour from time to time, after intervals of many months' duration. Charles V., when he was escorted home to his palace, turned back and courteously saluted his nobles; he esteemed himself but the first among them. Philip went straight into his apartments, neither looking to the right nor the left. Charles was fond of all manly exercises, and was impassioned for the chase. He was esteemed the best horseman and joustler of his time; he had killed a bull in the arena; he was incessant in travel; in active life he lived in the public gaze; he never avoided war, and exposed his person fearlessly on all occasions in energetic action; he was rapid in decision. Philip detested physical activity; he disliked the turmoil of the battlefield; he hated travel; he loved solitude and seclusion; he expended all his activity in the silent recesses of his cabinet, eternally scrawling marginal notes on despatches; with an obstinate and imperious nature, he was never able to come to any conclusion on any matter, so that he was called the very 'father of indecision,' and it was said he was decided in nothing but in remaining undecided. Charles V., though not intemperate, loved good cheer with all the zest of a Fleming, and would not abstain from his game, his trout, his Flemish sausages, his

highly-spiced dishes and his beer, however imminent was the risk of a fit of gout. Philip was as reserved in his use of the pleasures of the table as in all other things, and at dinner drank but twice out of a crystal goblet of small size. The only resemblance in his way of living to his father was in his amours, and he does not appear to have been faithful to any of the four wives who successively shared the rigour of his sombre existence. In his dress he was remarkably neat and precise, though never arraying himself like Charles V. in the gorgeous robes of a descendant of the House of Burgundy; but always in black velvet and satin, with shoes likewise of velvet. He never betrayed his inward emotions or change of feeling, and was most courteous and smiling to those on whose destruction he was inflexibly resolved — so that it was said, 'From his smile to his knife there was but the thickness of the blade.' Every expression of his face, and every word of his mouth, were framed upon calculation. He was familiar with no one during his whole life, and preserved ever a severe and imperturbable gravity, exhibiting in this a great contrast with Charles V., who was never unwilling to joke with his attendants and found pleasure in a humorous reply. If his Ministers once incurred his disfavour, they never recovered it. He governed Spain with a rod of iron, and a simple tap on the shoulder from the rod of one of his *alcavizils* was sufficient to make the greatest criminal or the greatest grandee surrender at discretion. In justice he was inflexible, and never was known to pardon a criminal. He never forgot an injury, and if his vengeance was slow it was implacable.

As a natural consequence of such a disposition, he hated noise, scandal, and all manifestations of an ill-governed nature. It may easily be imagined how odious to such a disposition, how discordant with such habits, were the outbreaks and eccentricities of his son Don Carlos, who concealed nothing, whose word, it was said, was as rapid as his thought, and whose ill-balanced and grotesque nature exploded in daily acts of unseemly violence and brutality. Every extravagant and eccentric incident was immediately carried to the King's ear, who brooded in quiet on the strange nature of his son, and reflected on the evil which he might bring on his government, and the detriment which he must cause to his authority. The virtues his son possessed — generosity, truthfulness, incapacity of dissimulation, and open-hearted dealings with those he esteemed as friends and foes, were precisely the qual-

ities which Philip held in suspicion and dislike. While the excesses of food, the outbreaks of temper, the outrages and ill-treatment to which Don Carlos subjected the objects of his aversion, and the scandal of his disorderly conduct in public, were vices which he deemed worse than crimes, because they were not only disgraceful, but useless and prejudicial to his own dignity. The vexation of Don Carlos, on the other hand, at the neglect of his father, and his own political insignificance, found vent in angry speeches, and at no interview could he conceal his ill-humour. His place in the Great Council was a mere mockery, since affairs of real importance were rarely submitted to that body. Such discontent, increased by the procrastinating manner in which Philip carried on the negotiations for his marriage, at last displayed itself in disrespectful jests and sarcasms, which were precisely calculated to wound the pride of the King in its most sensitive part — his conceit of his own kingly dignity, by casting ridicule on his sedentary and secluded habits of government, and his antipathy to an active life.

'He caused to be made,' says Brantôme, 'a blank book with a sarcastic title: "*Los grandes viajes del rey don Felipe*," and within there was written from page to page "*El viaje de Madrid al Pardo, del Pardo al Escorial, del Escorial á Aranjuez, de Aranjuez á Toledo, de Toledo á Valladolid, de Valladolid á Burgos, de Burgos á Madrid; y del Pardo á Aranjuez, de Aranjuez al Escorial, del Escorial,*" &c.' Philip II. was informed of the existence of the book, and even saw it. His anger was extreme; for King Philip was certainly the last man in the world with whom it was safe to joke. The discontent on both sides took at last the character of aversion, and the Prince extended this feeling to all the ministers and attendants, and to every one whom Philip honoured with his favour and confidence, and showed itself in acts of extreme violence. It is said that he put his hand on his dagger and threatened the life of Don Diego d'Espinoza, the president of the Council of Castille, for preventing a comedian, Cineros, from playing before him, and that he only desisted from extremities when the president fell down upon his knees. Another still more significant act of violence of the Prince is recorded, and gives a renewed proof of the chagrin and anger which he felt at being excluded from the councils of the King. On another occasion when Philip had shut himself up in council with some of his Ministers, Don Carlos arrived and listened at the key-hole, in the sight of the ladies of honour of

the Queen and the pages of the court. Don Diego d'Acuña, one of his gentlemen, ventured to suggest how unpleasant a scene would follow if the King were to come out suddenly. Don Carlos nursed a deep resentment for his interference, and on a subsequent occasion struck him with his fist, which drew down on the Prince a severe reprimand from his father, who allowed Don Diego to withdraw from the service of the Prince, and promoted him to a richer benefice about the court.

The intractable nature of Don Carlos only became pliant beneath the unwearying kindness and solicitude of Elizabeth. He who could place no bounds to his imperiousness and arrogance in the case of others, whom all approached with fear and trembling, showed himself full of respect and submission in the presence of the Queen, and obeyed her slightest commands. He sought every means of giving her pleasure, and professed on all occasions the deepest sympathy in her hours of trial and difficulty; and in his account-books there are many records of expenses incurred for presents to Elizabeth and her ladies of honour, with which he sought to show his sense of her compassionate consideration. The few other friends whom Don Carlos possessed — his grandmother the Queen-dowager of Portugal, his old preceptor Honorato Juan, bishop of Osona, whom he always treated with respect and affection — used every effort to change the sentiments of Don Carlos for Philip; and it may be surmised from the grateful manner in which he responded to their remonstrances, as well as to the attentions of the Queen, that with a kind and considerate treatment much of the rudeness and asperity of his nature might have been subdued.

But the period was now arrived when the troubles of the Low Countries, on the government of which Don Carlos had fixed an obstinate hope, were destined to exercise a powerful influence on the fate of the unhappy Prince. Philip II. on quitting these provinces in 1559, had left behind him a vast amount of discontent, principally owing to infringement of their liberties by placing garrisons of Spanish troops in their strong places and frontier-towns. The free-spirited Flemings were not disposed to become enslaved to the crown of Spain in the same manner as the duchy of Milan and the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily and Sardinia, and Philip, with much ill-will, had been constrained at last to yield to the national wish and remove his troops.

But the great causes of grievance were

the rigorous execution of the *placards* (as the edicts of the sovereign were usually styled in the Netherlands) which had been promulgated for the propagation of the Catholic faith and the establishment of the papal inquisition. Both these innovations had been introduced by Charles V. The *placards* were of Dominican severity. People were made subject to the penalty of death for even having an heretical book in their possession, and for attending a Calvinistic sermon. Men were to be executed with the sword, women were to be buried alive, and obstinate heretics were to be burnt. During the life of Charles V. these dreadful edicts had excited less opposition from the leniency with which they were carried out. But Philip II. was resolved to have them executed without mercy, ordered his Ministers to proceed upon them with the extreme rigour, without respect of persons, and issued an ordinance enjoining a scrupulous and cruel severity in the persecution of all persons suspected of heresy; he declared repeatedly that he was prepared rather to lose the sovereignty of the Netherlands altogether than make any concessions to the bold remonstrances of the Netherlands, or to innovators in matters of religion. The free spirit of the inhabitants resolutely resisted the infraction of their privileges, and ideas of religious freedom took such strong root in the minds of the nobles and burgesses that the conflict between the representatives of Philip and the Inquisition and the whole mass of the people assumed rapidly a more perilous aspect. The people publicly assailed the officers of justice in the execution of their duty, and delivered by force from prison the victims who were destined to the flames. The magistrates themselves declined to carry out the merciless requisitions of the *placards*, and not only refused their aid to the servants of the Inquisition, but ordered some of its functionaries to be imprisoned. The leading nobles of the Council of State declared for religious toleration; and even in the private council of the King's sister, Margaret of Parma, Ministers recommended a cessation of the persecution of heretics.

Emigration of fugitives on a large scale from the terrors of Philip's government depopulated the country — twenty thousand Flemings settled in London, Sandwich, and their neighbourhoods. The state of the finances in the midst of such confusion was deplorable; and with an empty treasury and a hostile population who refused all votes of supplies, Margaret of Parma determined at last to send the Count of Egmont, the vic-

tor of Saint Quentin and of Gravelines, to Spain, to lay before the King the necessity of a change of policy and of immediate assistance to the pressing necessities of the government of the Netherlands. The reception of Egmont by Philip and by the court of Madrid was of a highly flattering nature; the King loaded him with personal favours, and listened to his remonstrances with the most gracious condescension; but he changed his policy in nothing; and the Flemish nobleman, one of the most accomplished cavaliers of his time, departed from Madrid without affecting any change in the intolerant resolves of Philip, who signified the result of his deliberations on the subject of the appeal made to him, in letters dated the 17th and 20th of October, 1565, reiterating commands for the strict observance of the *placards*, and the maintenance of the Inquisition in all its authority. 'Sans la religion,' he declared in a French despatch to his sister, 'mes pays de delà ne vaudront rien.' The news of the inflexible resolutions of the King roused up the hidden fires of revolt throughout the Netherlands, where the excessive dearth of corn, and the destitution of the people caused by the stagnation of industry and commerce, added to the fermentation of the public mind, while the government could not rely on the fidelity of their troops, who had remained twenty-seven months without pay. The nobility of the country were irritated in an extreme degree; the governors of the provinces declared that they would not lend the slightest assistance to the burning of fifty or sixty thousand people. The Prince of Orange demanded to be replaced in his public functions. The Marquis de Berghes, who had frequently made a similar request, solicited his dismissal from office, and the Count of Egmont followed his example. The chief towns of Brabant presented strong remonstrances against the King's orders. News reached the Regent of a confederation among the nobility similar to such as had taken place in France; and in the extremity of despair she again determined to appeal to Philip, and selected the Marquis de Berghes and the Baron de Montigny for a mission to Spain, to solicit concessions from the King which could not be refused without rousing a general conflagration throughout the Netherlands.

An accident which confined the Marquis de Berghes to his bed prevented his departure at the same time as Montigny, who arrived at Madrid alone. Each of these noblemen was an object of extreme dislike to

Philip, who had been kept well informed of their conduct and expressed opinions. He regarded both as detestable Catholics. Montigny had publicly eaten meat in the Holy Week; both had declared that there was no justification — human or divine — for shedding blood in the cause of religion; and both, with the frankness of Flemings, had spoken in severe terms of the duplicity and intolerance of Philip. Berghes had even gone further. He had asked the dean of Sainte Gudule to show him a passage of Holy Writ which justified the burning of heretics, and said that the King, if he would preserve the Low Countries, must be content to be served by heretics, unless he could bring their fathers and grandfathers down from heaven to his assistance. Montigny rendered himself still more suspected by visiting, on his way through France, the great Huguenot family of the Châtillons, to whom he was related and with whom he was in constant intercourse.

Philip, however, with his usual powers of dissimulation, concealed his animosity, and captivated the free Flemish nobleman by an affected affability, and by the patience with which he listened to his representations. Philip, there is every reason to believe, had already resolved to put to death both Montigny and Berghes; but as Berghes was not yet in his power, he continued his game of deception until he should entice him to Madrid, and be able to throw off the mask with advantage. Berghes, who was perfectly conscious of the uselessness of his journey, only undertook the mission at the urgent persuasion of the Duchess of Parma and Egmont, and Montigny. Still suffering from his wound, he arrived at Lusignan, near Poitiers, when he was unable to proceed from the weakness of his health, and despatched his *mayordomo* Aguilera to Montigny, to request permission to return home. But Philip, with every expression of interest and concern at the state of the health of the Marquis, lured him, with a letter written by his own hand, into his clutches, from which the doomed man was not intended to escape. Berghes, on his arrival at the Spanish Court, was received by the King with the same cordiality as Montigny; but there was one fatal sign — the chief noblemen of the Court omitted to visit him, a mark of courtesy which they had paid to the fellow-envoy. The King's resolution being irrevocably taken, he amused the Flemish noblemen with every mark of condescension and kindness, till the moment should arrive at which he could dispose of them in secrecy and with advantage. The

news of the destruction of the churches in the Netherlands, which had been carried out in imitation of the violence of the French Calvinists in 1561 and 1562, served still further to exasperate the Spanish King, and make him more obstinate in his cruel resolves. The signs of inward agitation were more manifest in him than at any other time of his life, and this was evidently one of the greatest crises of his existence.

As regards the subject of the present article, the chief point of interest in this great European movement is how far the destiny of Don Carlos was affected by it. It was believed in the Low Countries that Don Carlos entered into relation with the Flemish deputies, and had either partly engaged or made overtures for engaging in a conspiracy against his father in the Low Countries. Catherine de Medicis also declared to Alava, the Spanish ambassador, that she had a similar account from Coligny, who was a relative of Montigny; and Cabrera, the historian of Philip II., confirms the statement. M. Gachard rejects, but on insufficient grounds, all notion of any relation of the Prince either with Egmont or Berghes, or Montigny.

It is in the highest degree improbable that Don Carlos, with whom the government of the Low Countries and his marriage with the Archduchess Anne were fixed ideas, whose hatred of his father and discontent with his position at Madrid were daily growing in intensity, should not have put himself in communication with these Flemish noblemen. And, on the other hand, nothing can be more likely than that Philip, with his suspicious character and his habits of secrecy, should have suppressed all record of such a conspiracy, and denied continually all existence of any such intention in the brain of Don Carlos. Few things could be more injurious to his position in the Low Countries than a belief in the public that they had an ally in the Prince of the Asturias, the heir-presumptive of the Spanish monarchy, and that subsequently he fell a martyr to his sympathies with his father's revolted subjects. As regards Berghes and Montigny, Philip had resolved never to allow them to leave Spain, either because he was afraid of their divulging the dangerous knowledge which they had acquired at the Court of Madrid, or because he was afraid of their influence in the Low Countries. He continued to show them a deceitful face of favour, and while pretending to listen favourably to all their proposals for the pacification of the Flemish dominions, wrote despatches to the

Regent enjoining the same unchangeable line of policy. Such slight concessions as he was induced to grant with the pen, he, with the usual casuistry of his Jesuitical conscience, revoked inwardly in his mind, and made a written declaration before his confessor that his slight show of leniency was adopted merely as a temporary expedient, and to avoid worse acts for a time. Berghes and Montigny, convinced of the hopelessness of their mission, demanded urgently permission to return to Flanders. He temporised with them as long as temporisation was possible. But his implacable spirit had resolved on their speedy destruction. He was saved the crime of putting to death the Marquis de Berghes, who was seized with a fatal attack of the malady which had long consumed him. When Philip was informed that he had not many hours to live, he sent him the permission to leave Spain which he had so long demanded in vain, and after his decease, had magnificent obsequies celebrated for the victim he was about to immolate, in order—to use his own words—to show the esteem in which he and his Ministers held the nobles of the Low Countries. With Montigny he used less ceremony. On the day of the arrival of the news of the imprisonment of the Counts Egmont and Horn, he threw off the mask. The Flemish envoy was seized and shut up in the Alcazar of Segovia, whence he was taken to the castle of Simancas, secretly strangled there on the 16th of October, 1570, and buried by night without ceremony.

In the presence, however, of the great difficulties which beset him in the Netherlands, Philip had convoked the Cortes of Castille, and opened them in great state on the 11th of December, 1566, at his palace at Madrid, surrounded by the great officers of his household, with the Prince his son by his side, seated under the chair of state. The King's address was read by his secretary of state, Francisco de Erasso. He laid before them the necessity of combating the Turks and the Algerines; the troubled state of the Low Countries, owing to the new doctrines in religion, and the consequent commotions of which they had been the cause; his need of supplies to meet the large expenditure of the great work of pacification which he had in hand; and his intention of going in person to the scene of disturbance, to superintend the execution of the remedial measures which the state of affairs rendered necessary. He concluded by declaring the necessitous condition of his treasury, the encumbered situa-

tion of the royal patrimony, by reason of the wars of his own and the preceding reign, and the impossibility, without assistance, of fulfilling the duties incumbent on the possessor of the crown. Cristobal de Miranda of Burgos, one of the *procuradores* or deputies, replied in the name of the assembly, in grandiloquent Castilian style, recognising the necessity of combating at the same time the Turk, the great enemy of the Christian name, and the errors and evil doctrines which were being disseminated throughout Christendom. He acknowledged the perilous condition of the Low Countries, which, in part at least, had separated themselves from the communion of the Catholic Church, and abjured at once the obedience due to God and their lawful sovereign. He admitted that the presence of the King in that part of his dominions seemed necessary, but insinuated how grateful it would be to his subjects of Castille could he manage affairs without going there, and added a magnificent eulogy of the many holy virtues of the King, and of the felicity and prosperity of his subjects. The orator concluded by an adulatory supplement on the virtues of Don Carlos, which, when contrasted with the approaching tragic destiny of the ill-fated youth, reduces to strange insignificance the value of the high-flown language he had just bestowed upon Philip. 'And this felicity and prosperity is the greater as it perpetuates itself in the very noble and very powerful Prince our lord, in whom admirably shine forth the grandeur, clemency, magnanimity, and magnificence, and other great virtues of your Majesty, in most fortunate imitation.'

To make still more flagrant the vanity of this extravagant adulation, the unfortunate Prince committed before the rising of the Cortes the greatest act of public scandal of which he had yet been guilty, and that in the presence of the Cortes themselves. The deputies deliberated upon the position of affairs, and the nature of the government to be established in the King's absence. The majority were of opinion that the Prince of the Asturias should remain at Madrid as the lieutenant-general of his father, and occupy the same position as Philip had occupied in the absence of Charles V. Don Carlos became acquainted with the tenor of their

* 'Y esta felicidad y bienaventuranza es tanto mayor quanto mas se perpetua en el muy alto y muy poderoso principe nuestro Señor, en quien admirablemente respidece la grandeza, clemencia, magnanimidad y magnificencia, aun las otras virtudes de vuestra Majestad, en una felicísima imitación.'

propositions; but he had sworn to accompany the King to Flanders, and had begun to make arrangements for the journey, the early and constant object of his desires. Philip quitted Madrid, according to his custom at the epoch of the great religious festivals, to pass Christmas at the Escorial. Don Carlos profited by his absence to go alone to the chamber of the Cortes, and, after having assured himself that all the *procuradores* were present, addressed them in a violent speech, declaring his fixed intention to go to Flanders with the King, reproaching them with having expressed a wish that he should marry with his aunt — since he found it strange that they should meddle with the affairs of his marriage at all — and threatening with his implacable vengeance all who should venture to interfere in these matters in any way. After which he turned his back on the *procuradores* stupefied at this unexpected display of violence.

In spite of the strict injunctions of the Prince to secrecy, the words which he had uttered became known all over Madrid. Don Carlos from this time laid aside all care for public opinion, and behaved in so reckless and violent a manner, that he offered some excuse to Philip for the acts of severity which cut short his eccentric career. Indeed the extravagance of his subsequent conduct can only be explained by a strong vein of insanity in his nature; it is by no means improbable that the accident to the head, which we have related, and the operation of trepanning the skull, performed on Don Carlos, may have caused some permanent lesion of the brain and affected his mental faculties in after life. It is impossible to say how far this tendency was brought out and developed by the harsh treatment of his father, the uncongenial atmosphere in which he lived, and the absence of any occupation for a spirit anxious for employment and a position becoming his rank; but that his wild follies and disorders arose in great part from these causes there can be no doubt whatever. He gave blows to one of his attendant gentlemen, called another by opprobrious names, drew his dagger upon another, caused children to be beaten, and, according to the historian Cabrera, wanted to burn a house down, because some water had fallen upon him from one of the windows. His violence extended itself even to animals; he maimed the horses in his own stables, and so ill-treated one which his father held in particular affection that the unfortunate animal died in a few days. At the same time these cruel-

ties and eccentricities were not unaccompanied with generous actions; for among the list of his expenses may be found proofs that he paid the charges of the education of children thrown upon the world without resources, notwithstanding that he was at this time much embarrassed with debt.

Moreover, he allowed the few whom he held in affection to remonstrate with him on the folly of his conduct. The Doctor Hernan Suarez de Toledo, the *alcade de casa y corte*, the master of his household, from early times had succeeded in winning his confidence, and responded to the goodwill of the Prince with unremitting devotion. Letters of the most urgent character are extant in which Suarez appealed pathetically to his young Prince to change his habits and his conduct, and from these we learn that Don Carlos had ceased to make regular confession, and that there were 'terrible things,' '*cosas terribles*,' which if discovered, and in the case of another person, would place his young master in the power of the Inquisition, to know if he were Christian or no — *para saber si era cristiano ò no*. These letters, as bold in substance as they were respectful in form, did not diminish the affection of Don Carlos for the writer; since he subsequently signed a bond promising Suarez 10,000 ducats for the marriage of his daughters, and styled him therein his very great friend, '*mi grandísimo amigo*;' but he did not change his conduct in the slightest degree.

On the contrary, he began now to behave as insolently to the highest personages of the state as he had behaved to his own attendants. Whether Philip ever really intended to go to Flanders cannot now be determined; all the immense expenditure to which he put himself and the country by way of preparing for it may have been, in his very double-dealing nature, merely a blind to mislead public opinion. On the other hand, his perplexity about his journey must have been increased by the rebellious nature of his son. If Philip went in company with Don Carlos, the Prince would be a mark for the intrigues of heretics and rebels, and might add to his difficulties in that quarter. If he left him behind in Spain, he might be the source of endless embarrassment to the home government. For the time at least he decided to remain in Spain, and to send the Duke of Alva in his place on that mission of massacre and terror which has made his name infamous for all time. The Duke went to take his leave of Philip at Aranjuez; and as the Prince was also there he could not dispense with the visit of ceremony which was his due. Don Carlos

immediately on his entrance flew into a fit of violent fury; he declared that he alone, Don Carlos, ought to have the mission to Flanders, and threatened to kill the Duke if he took his place. Alva endeavoured to mitigate the anger of the Prince with every argument in his power and every show of respect, but in vain. Don Carlos drew his dagger upon him and made two attempts to stab his visitor, from which he was only prevented by the superior strength of his antagonist. After this scene of violence, Philip, either from dissimulation, or from a wish to see if better treatment would moderate the violent nature of his son, conferred upon Don Carlos several marks of favour—he named him President of the Council of State and of War; gave him complete jurisdiction in several matters of government, increased his pension from sixty thousand to a hundred thousand ducats; and made him a formal promise to take him to the Netherlands. For some time the relations between father and son improved, and Don Carlos fulfilled the duties of his new functions with industry and regularity. But according to the statement of the King's confessor made to the ambassador of Venice, this improvement was of short duration; and the Prince, in spite of his increase of pension, continued to contract debts to a very large amount; he threatened the life of a Genoese banker who had refused to advance him 100,000 crowns, and bought jewels of immense value when he had not a ducat of his own to pay for them.

After endless tergiversation and circuitous long-winded letters to the Pope and to the Emperor, Philip finally announced his determination not to go himself to the Netherlands, and this resolution deranged all the projects and expectations of Don Carlos. His establishment in the Netherlands was farther off than ever, his marriage with the Archduchess Anne, the subject of never-ending negotiations and of incessant appeals to the inflexible Philip, both from himself and the Emperor Maximilian, who persisted in desiring the union, in spite of full knowledge of the eccentricities and violence of Don Carlos, was indefinitely postponed, and he was obliged to remain at Madrid, subject to the espionage and authority of a father whom he hated and despised. His detestation of the King increased to madness incapable of control, and he began now to entertain the project of a secret flight from Spain, and to make all preparations for putting it into execution. The idea was no new one with him. Such an escape from an intolerable state of existence had been fre-

quently the subject of his deliberations. To put his plan into execution he had need of a large sum of money, and he had none. At Madrid his credit was exhausted; but he sent two of his gentlemen of the bedchamber to Toledo, to Medina del Campo, to Valladolid, and to Burgos to endeavour to raise funds; but some few thousands of ducats were all they were able to collect, and six hundred thousand, according to his calculation, were at least necessary for his journey. He sent anew to Seville one of his confidants, with twelve letters of credit in blank, signed with his own hand, and with strict injunctions to secrecy and caution; but this mission likewise seems to have been without much result. He next sent letters of invitation to several of the leading grandees, to accompany him on a journey of great importance. Four replied affirmatively, but the rest either in an evasive manner, or by sending his letters to the King. He prepared likewise a number of other letters addressed to the King, to the Pope, and all the chief princes of Europe, and to the principal officers of state and the chief men of Spain, to be despatched as soon as he should have started from Madrid, explaining the reason of his meditated flight, giving a history of his ill-treatment, and setting forth all causes of grievance against his father. With a character so imprudent and wild as that of the Prince, it was impossible that any of these measures could have been taken without the knowledge of Philip. The preparations of Don Carlos lasted for several months, and that Philip made no attempt, as a kind and considerate father, to remonstrate with his son increases our opinion of the harshness and insensibility of his character. With his usual duplicity, he gave no signs of displeasure when he met the Prince in public or private. On the contrary, he showed him such a smiling countenance as he was wont to show to those whom he was about to destroy. And nothing can be more clear than that he purposely let him go to ruin his own way.

But another prince was concerned in bringing about the tragic catastrophe, whose conduct one could wish to judge with less severity. The gallant and romantic nature of Don Juan of Austria, his splendid achievements, our acquaintance both from history and art with his noble form and bearing, and the interest excited by his premature end, excite regret that any suspicion should exist of his having played false to Don Carlos, and having conspired to betray the unhappy youth's follies and rashness to his implacable father. Don Carlos was, we have

seen, brought up as a youth with his uncle Don Juan, as a companion in his studies and his sports. Indeed, since 1559 they had rarely quitted each other. He had given all his affection and his confidence to the future victor of Lepanto, and always said that Don Juan was his best friend in the world. They were on terms of the most familiar intimacy. In the account-books of Don Carlos the list of expenses incurred for presents made by the Prince to Don Juan form no mean item; and when the King, in the very previous month of October, conferred on Don Juan the supreme command of the Spanish navy, Don Carlos had, in spite of his antipathy to his father, made a journey to the Escorial, for the express purpose of giving thanks for the promotion of his fellow-student and comrade.

Don Carlos counted then on the assistance of Don Juan in his flight, since he had determined to embark in a ship at Carthagena, which was naturally under the orders of the new 'general de la mar.' Accordingly, on Christmas-eve, 1567, he sent for Don Juan, and explaining to him his intentions, demanded his aid, and asked him, with magnificent promises, to attach himself to his fortunes. Don Juan, who was prudent as well as ambitious, and had been treated with great favour by Philip, was naturally not ready to attach himself to the fortunes of so wild and strange a character as his nephew. He endeavoured to dissuade him from his projects by exposing their difficulties and perils. But as Don Carlos refused to listen to his reasons, he asked for twenty-four hours for reflection. He departed, and on the morrow, after writing to Don Carlos, and causing the report to be spread about Madrid that he had been suddenly called to the Escorial on affairs of state, went and narrated the whole interview to the King. Philip allowed no expression in his outward demeanour to notify the perplexity he was in or the nature of the resolve he had taken. He made no change in the performance of the public ceremonies he had fixed for the ensuing festival, although a new incident occurred which convinced him further, if he still wanted convincing, of the implacable enmity in which his son now held him. It was necessary that Don Carlos should publicly take the sacrament at Christmas, and should accordingly obtain previous absolution. Don Carlos had, in the course of confession to one of his spiritual advisers, declared that he nourished a deadly hate against a person whose name he concealed, and the monk to whom he addressed himself refused him absolution, and advised him to consult some theologians.

The Prince appealed to a body of fourteen monks of the monastery of Atocha and two others, to reverse the decision of his confessor. He argued the matter with them in vain, and demanded at last that he might receive an unconsecrated wafer in public, so that he might appear to have gone through the rite of communion and avoid scandal. His theological council cried out that he requested them to sanction an act of sacrilege. The debate, nevertheless, lasted till two o'clock in the morning; at the close of which the prior of Atocha was able, by adroit and wily interrogation, to get from the Prince the name of his enemy, and the whole affair was revealed to the King. Three weeks elapsed, and the King made no sign. On the contrary, on his return to Madrid Don Carlos and his father met in the apartment of the Queen. The Prince treated Philip with all due respect, and the King showed no sign of the slightest discontent. On quitting, however, the apartment of the Queen, Don Carlos took Don Juan, who was in attendance on the King, to his own apartment, and shut the door. The exact nature of the interview between them cannot be known; but according to the most trustworthy account, Don Carlos informed Don Juan that his preparations for flight were all made, that post horses had been ordered all along the road to Carthagena, and insisted on having the despatches necessary for his embarkation before midnight on that very evening. Don Juan tried to gain time. He treacherously persuaded the Prince to put off his journey till the morrow, and promised to return at mid-day, and make all due arrangements for the proposed evasion. With this promise, the Prince allowed Don Juan to leave his apartment, upon which the latter went straight to the King, and informed him of what had just taken place.

This interview with Don Juan was on Saturday the 17th of January. Philip had resolved to have the Prince arrested on the night of the Sunday; but he allowed not a trace of trouble or perplexity to appear in his outward bearing. He received ambassadors, attended mass with the Prince in his suite, and not a person present could remember a sign that anything unusual was about to happen. Only some of the persons of the Court remarked that frequent messages passed backwards and forwards between the King and the President of his Council, Espinosa — him whom Don Carlos had once threatened with his dagger. Don Carlos expected Don Juan on the morrow, according to his promise; but received an evasive note, putting off his visit till the

following Wednesday. Then, indeed, the Prince seems to have suspected that the King knew all. He took to his bed, on the pretext of ill health, to avoid being sent for. At six in the evening he rose, and at half-past eight supped on a boiled chicken, the only food he had taken during the day, and went to bed again immediately afterwards. Philip kept himself informed from minute to minute of the way in which his son passed his time throughout the day. As soon as he knew that he was in bed he began to complete the arrangements for the arrest of the Prince, and proceeded to immediate execution. At eleven at night he sent for Ruy Gomez, the Duke of Feria, the prior Don Antonio, and Luis Quijada. The King had a helmet on his head, armour under his clothes, and a sword under his arm. After a short address from Philip, the whole party descended to the apartment of the Prince; two gentlemen-in-waiting, two of the domestics of the royal chamber, carrying hammers and nails for fastening up the Prince's windows, followed them, as well as a lieutenant and twelve men of the King's body-guard. Feria marched first with a light in his hand, and the party proceeded through the dark corridors of the palace to the apartment of the Prince, who had fondly dreamed of gaining, on this very day, a liberty he had never known. Don Carlos was asleep, still in a sort of fancied security, for he had caused a French clock-maker, De Foix, in the service of Philip, to execute a contrivance for barricading his door in the inside, in such a way that, by means of ropes and pulleys, he might be able to open it while in bed; but Philip had taken the precaution of getting De Foix to make such alterations, unknown to the Prince, as rendered the arrangement useless. He slept, moreover, with a sword and dagger, and a loaded arquebuse under his pillow; and there can be no doubt that had he not been surprised, he would either have made a desperate resistance or would have destroyed himself. Philip's minister entered first, and found no difficulty in coming suddenly upon the sleeping youth, and seizing his arms. The noise and the light awoke the Prince, who started up, crying, 'Who is there?' The 'Council of State,' was the reply. Don Carlos made a rush from his bed to get at other weapons, which he had concealed in his room, when the King appeared. 'What does this mean?' said the Prince. 'Will your Majesty kill me?' The King exhorted him to return to his bed, and to remain quiet; saying that he would soon know his determination; that

there was no question of doing him harm, but that all was for his good, and his soul's welfare. He ordered his chamber-attendants to nail up the windows of the Prince, to take away every weapon and piece of iron from the room, even the fire-dogs from the chimney, and presided over a search he ordered to be made for his son's papers, which were found in a box and carried to the King's cabinet.* All the money found in the room was likewise removed. In the extremity of anguish and despair, the young Prince threw himself at the knees of his father, and said, 'Let your Majesty kill me, and not arrest me; for it will be a great scandal for these kingdoms. If your Majesty does not kill me, I will kill myself.' The King replied, 'If you kill yourself, it will prove that you are mad.' 'I am not mad,' replied the Prince, 'but driven to despair by the ill-treatment of your Majesty.' The rebellious spirit of the unhappy Prince broke down in the extremity of his situation and despair. He burst into sobs of grief and inarticulate words, in which reproaches against his father for his tyranny and his hardness of heart were alone intelligible. 'I will no longer treat you as father,' said Philip, 'but as king.'

The hopeless and friendless youth took silently again to his bed, and Philip gave orders for his being kept in so sure a guard that the Prince was from henceforward as much cut off from the world as though he had already been interred in the vaults of the Escorial. The Duke of Feria was to keep personal watch over him, assisted by Ruy Gomez, the prior Don Antonio, and Luis Quijada, so that one or the other of them was never to leave the Prince day or night. The Count de Lerma and Don Rodrigo de Mendoza were to be in attendance on the prisoner; but were not to allow him to have verbal or written intercourse with a single human being, and were to observe and make report of every action. 'I count,' said the King to these six gentlemen, 'on the fidelity and loyalty which you have sworn to observe.'

Having thus reduced his son to the most miserable of human conditions, Philip showed in public not a sign of emotion in his imperturbable face, and the ambassadors, in narrating the event, wrote to their courts with wonder and astonishment at his calm demeanour as something quite miraculous.

* Among his papers were found lists of his friends and his enemies; among the former were written the Queen. The Venetian Ambassador says the Queen was characterised as 'amorevogliissima.' Don Juan was described as 'suo carissimo e diletissimo zio.'

Philip, however, had reserved to himself the privilege of giving notice of this great event to the world. Until his despatches were ready for the chief courts of Europe, for his great nobles, the great cities, the religious orders and the chief authorities of Aragon, Valencia, Navarre, and Catalonia, not a horseman or footman was allowed to pass without the gates of Madrid. For the most part he gave only general reasons of pressing necessities of state for the measures he had adopted. To the Emperor Maximilian and his Empress, and to the Pope Pius V. he was, however, more explicit. Ruy Gomez gave information to the Ambassadors, of France, Venice, and England of what had happened, and subsequently communicated to them such a version of the King's reasons for so acting as he chose to communicate.

The first letter of the English ambassador, Sir John Mann, giving intelligence of the event, was as follows:—

'Sir, yesternight the 18th of this present, at ten o'clock at night, the Kyng, armed under his night-gowne, went to the prynces his sonnes lodging to apprehend him, accompanied with a great number of his gard, and commytted him unto the keeping of the captayne of his gard to ward him there for that nyght. This morning I am enformed that he gyveth order to send him to Tordesillas or to Toledo, to remayne there in close prison. Yt is bruited that he practysed the Kyng his father's death. The certencie I know not yet. The Kyng found a pistolet hydden under the prynces bedd, which hee toke away with him. The matter was discovered by the prynces godlie father. This being so strange I thought (good) the Quene's Majestie shold understand with all speed. As other things shall fall oute, I will advise you with diligence and so take leave of you for this tyme.

'From the corte of Spayne in Madrid of Castyle, the 19th of January, 1567. Your most humble servant, 'JO. MANN.

'To the right honourable Sir William Cecyll, knyght, principall secretary to the Quene's most excellent Majestie, and master of Her Highness lyveries.'

In a second letter, dated the 28th of July, 1567, Sir John Mann gives the King's reasons for the arrest of Don Carlos, communicated to him 'by Wri Gomez (*sic*), for the advertisement of her Majestie.' Sir John Mann, who shows himself a finished Spanish courtier in this letter, accepts the justification of 'the prynces godlie father' completely. Wri Gomez informed Sir John Mann that Philip's intention was only to keep the Prince 'sequestrate as a prisoner

for a tyme, hoping thereby somewhat to mollesie the extremitie of his stubborn stomake, and to reduce him to better conformitie and human behaviour, wheren, as His Majestie shall see certen hope of good amendment, so meaneth to relent and to deale with him accordinglie.' The sequel proved how much truth there was in this latter part of 'Wri Gomez' asseverations.

Such an event, the arrest of the first-born child and only son of the most powerful monarch of his time by his own father, could not but excite an immense interest and curiosity in Spain and throughout Europe. In Spain, the person who most lamented his misfortunes was the gentle-hearted Queen Elizabeth, herself destined to share, within a very short time, the premature end of her step-son. The sweet-natured lady mourned over the misfortune of the heir-apparent as though, as she herself said, he had been her own child. She had herself sufficient experience of Philip's insensible nature to feel that with such a father the poor boy had been something worse than an orphan, and that it was hardly possible that he could, with such a character, and under such a system of neglect, isolation, and stern treatment, have turned out other than he became. For nearly two months after the arrest of the Prince, the sorrow of the Queen was so excessive that her health suffered, and that to a dangerous degree, since she was far advanced in pregnancy. It was not indeed a very animating prospect for a young wife and mother to have to live with, and bear children to, so inhuman and pitiless an incarnation of tyranny. The Princess Doña Juana forgot the repugnance which her nephew had shown for a union with herself, and partook of the sorrow of the Queen. Don Juan of Austria, as though out of remorse for the part he had played, wore mourning in public, till the King, in displeasure, ordered him to desist. The Duke de l'Infantado, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, and other grandes, whose political importance had been annihilated during the two last reigns, and whose privileges were reduced to the solitary one of wearing their hats in the royal presence, replied to the King's letter in terms evidently concerted between them, and of no significance. The Condestable of Castille alone showed an independent spirit, which wounded the pride of Philip, for he declared that since the grandes had sworn fidelity to the Prince, he thought it strange that the King should deprive him of his liberty without

demanding their advice. For the rest, in the words of the historian Cabrera, prudent people in the streets of Madrid, at mention of the strange event, placed their fingers on their lips. The bolder made no scruple of blaming strongly such an act of severity; and among the common people, by whom the government of Philip was detested, the fate of the young Prince was deplored. Milder treatment, it was said, would have cured him of many of his weaknesses; and a king, it was argued, who had such small regard for his children, would have even less for his subjects. At the Court, however, the courtier spirit prevailed, and while in the garrets of the poor the sad fate of the imprisoned heir of the monarchy was daily lamented, within the walls of the palace, as the Genoese envoy said, there was, in a short space of time, no more word spoken about the Prince 'than as if he were already among the dead, where I think he may be reckoned.'

Every precaution, indeed, was taken by Philip to envelope the wretched existence of his son in a silence and mystery as impenetrable as that of the tomb; but nevertheless with such interested sojourners at the Spanish Court as the Papal Nuncio and the Ambassadors of Venice, France, and Austria, it was impossible but that some of the incidents of his captivity should transpire abroad, and become registered for the instruction of their courts and of posterity. It is from the despatches of these foreign envoys brought to light and studied in our own time that the true story of his imprisonment and death, so far as it is possible to be told, has at length been discovered.

The captivity of Don Carlos lasted six months, and was, as is known, terminated by his death. That public rumour should immediately attribute his demise to a violent cause, and make Philip the author of it, could not be otherwise than expected. The practice of private assassination not unfamiliar to the king, the opportune removal of so great a cause of perplexity and trouble, and the dark mystery which enveloped the prison-chamber of the defenceless and solitary captive, all conspired to make such a story credible. The mass of the people in Spain would hear of no other version, and subsequent historians, taking up the common rumour, repeated it with many variations. De Thou declares that Philip poisoned his son with a bowl of broth; Llorente that he gave him slow poison; Pierre Mathieu that he had been strangled; Brantôme that he caused him to be smothered;

and Saint-Simon that he was beheaded, and buried with his head between his legs. As all of these accounts could not be true, the probability was that none of them were so. But if Philip did not bring about the death of his son by actual violence, he cannot be acquitted of having, by cruelty and a terrible captivity, driven him to such a state of despair that he looked upon death as the only escape from his miseries. Don Carlos, after vainly attempting to starve himself to death, sought for a release in a manner as unromantic as his life and his person, and succeeded in finding it in the end.

The Prince, within a few days after the period of his first arrest, received intimation that his habitation was to be changed. The old mediæval palace of the kings of Spain, enlarged by Charles V. and burnt down in 1734, was a far different structure from the enormous modern edifice which now occupies its place. The apartment of Don Carlos was in one of the entresols; at the end of his apartment was a tower which had a single window and but one entrance. This confined space was assigned to him for a prison. The window was barred so as to let the light come in from above only. The fireplace was grated in with iron to hinder the prisoner from throwing himself into the fire. In the wall an opening was made into the next chamber, filled in with a trellis of strong wood-work. Through this he was to have the opportunity of being present at mass, which was to be performed for him in the next room. The rest of the apartment of Don Carlos was given up to Ruy Gomez, who occupied it with his wife, the famous Princess of Eboli, and thus the mistress of Philip was in a manner the gaoler of the Prince. With the exception of the Count of Lerma, not one of his old attendants, not even Louis Quijada, the old companion of Charles V. at the monastery of Yuste, was to remain with him. Five fresh noblemen were, together with Ruy Gomez, appointed for his service. There was but one gentleman in his service for whom Don Carlos had real affection — Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, a young courtier of great nobility of character and high intelligence. When the unhappy Prince received intelligence of these changes from Ruy Gomez, he made but one question, 'And Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, my friend, does His Majesty take him away likewise?' 'Yes, my lord.' Don Carlos sent for Mendoza, and, holding him in his arms, said, 'Don Rodrigo, I regret not to have shown by my actions the

love I have, and always shall have, for you. May it please God that some day I may be in a situation to give you proof of it.' And, with eyes full of tears, he embraced him so passionately that it was with difficulty they were separated, and the Prince was severed from the last friendly face he was doomed to see. All his household were now dismissed, the horses of his stables divided among various persons, of whom Don Juan was one, and some of his attendants pressed into the service of the King. Don Carlos now abandoned himself utterly to despair. These measures left him without a gleam of hope. There could be no doubt that the King had resolved to immure him for life. The prospect, at the age of twenty-two, of an existence to be passed within the narrow and gloomy walls of a dungeon, to hear no more the sound of a friendly voice, and to be ever under the guard and espionage of the great enemy of his life, Ruy Gomez, seemed intolerable. He exclaimed, that a prince so outraged and dishonoured ought not to live. He resolved to die. As he was without a single weapon of any kind, he endeavoured at first to starve himself. He refused to eat for days together; he succeeded so far as to reduce his body to a ghastly state of emaciation. His eyes sank into their orbits, and his debility became so great that his medical attendants thought, on the last day of February, he could not recover.

The King was informed of his condition, but he replied, 'He will eat as soon as he is hungry.' Nature, indeed, proved too strong for the unhappy Prince, and he again took food. While the King, to show how little he was touched by the despair of his son, laid down anew, on the 2nd of March, a series of rules for the *surveillance* of the prisoner of the most rigorous severity. Don Carlos, on recovering his strength, made another abortive attempt to kill himself by swallowing a diamond ring which he carried on his finger. After this he became for a while more resigned, and showed signs of great contrition and amendment of character; and as though to prove that the reports which Philip and his Ministers circulated of his madness were untrue, he prepared himself for the religious solemnities of Easter with an exemplary show of piety. He made confession of his own accord to Fray Diego de Chaves, his spiritual adviser, and prepared himself for the sacrament with fasting and prayer. Fray Diego requested permission of the King to administer the sacrament to the Prince; but Philip hesitated to grant it; he was afraid of the impression which

the news of the communion of the Prince betokening a pious and satisfactory frame of mind in the eyes of the confessor, would produce upon the world. The delay which was thus opposed to the pious wish of the Prince affected him with the deepest grief and desolation. His confessor endeavoured to appease him with various pretexts till he received the requisite permission from Philip, who, finding after consulting his theological advisers that he could no longer refuse, hastened by despatches to the Emperor and the Pope to explain that such a proceeding by no means indicated a return to a sound state of mind on the part of Don Carlos, but had been permitted only out of regard to the representations of his confessor. Nevertheless under the influence of religious sentiments and the chastening influence of the trials which had befallen him, the nature of Don Carlos had become quite changed—he had grown gentle and calm, and from henceforward not a word of hatred or contempt against his father escaped his lips. A reconciliation between Philip and his son seemed possible to all who knew the change which had taken place in him, and many thought that three months of such severe seclusion was sufficient punishment for his follies and his faults. No repentance in Don Carlos, however, no human advocacy, would have availed to soften the implacable resolve of Philip, and the patience and resignation of the Prince failed him anew amid the frightful monotony and gloom and desolation of his life. He resolved once more on self-destruction, and this time he chose a method by which he could more certainly get rid of the burden of so terrible and humiliating an existence. He now determined to destroy his health by committing every excess within his power, and subjected his body to every trial which he could impose upon it; and there can be no doubt that Philip speedily apprehended the intentions of the Prince and lent himself with good will to further them as far as he could with prudence. Most of what we know of the manner in which the Prince compassed his end we learn from Philip's own despatches. From them we gather that the Prince passed his days and nights entirely without clothes, with his window open. That he paced the narrow bounds of his prison with bare feet after it was daily watered. That he put ice in his bed; ate sometimes immoderately of all kinds of indigestible fruits; and that for eleven days together he took nothing but immense draughts of iced water, which he drank at all hours. Such is the King's own account of the origin of Don

Carlos's illness, and the seclusion of the prisoner of the tower under the guardianship of Ruy Gomez was so strict that no means exist for its contradiction. Only the ambassador of Venice was informed by one of those most intimate with the secrets of the palace, 'that the young Prince was kept in such a state, that if he did not lose his reason, it would be a proof that he had already lost it.' However, some details of the days preceding his death have escaped from the secrecy of his prison-chamber, which were consigned in the reports of the ambassadors at the Court of Madrid. About the middle of the month of July, a huge pasty highly seasoned, containing four partridges, was served at the table of Don Carlos. Although he had already eaten of several other dishes, he devoured the entire pasty; and to appease the violent thirst which seized him after so immoderate a repast, drank an immense quantity of water iced with snow. His system being already in a most disorganised state from the abuses to which he had daily subjected it, a violent fit of indigestion, vomiting, and other signs of a dangerous character were the result. The doctors were called in, but the Prince refused to take any of their remedies. On the 19th of July his condition was considered hopeless. The Prince viewed the signs of his approaching end with satisfaction, while a transformation took place in his language and sentiments which astonished all who surrounded him.

Assured of a speedy termination to his sorrows, he directed all the forces of his mind towards putting his soul at peace with the world, and preparing for another life. He made confession to Fray Diego de Chaves with exemplary devotion; and as the vomitings, which were unremitting, did not permit of his taking the holy sacrament, he adored it with all marks of humility and perfect contrition. He consented to receive the care of his doctors, and demanded to see his father; but Philip not only refused for himself, but declined to let the Queen or Doña Juana visit the dying penitent, or to send him a single word of kindness. The Prince now dictated anew his last will, by which he provided for the payment of some of his debts, prayed the King to discharge the rest, and recommended to him the officers of his household, whom he acknowledged he had often maltreated. After many gifts to pious uses and to his friends, to show that he forgave all injuries, he left presents to several of his principal enemies, including Ruy Gomez, whom he regarded as the chief author of all his misfortunes.

The saint to whom he paid especial devotion was Saint James of Compostella, whose feast was to be celebrated on the 25th of July. He expressed a wish to die on the eve of that day, but he found his strength decrease so rapidly that he feared that he should not live to see it. He died at one on the morning of the 24th. He continued to the last moment in his sentiments of resignation to Divine mercy, and expressed forgiveness for his father, for Ruy Gomez, and all concerned in his detention. He adored to the last moment a crucifix, which he caused to be placed on his breast, and a short time before he gave up his last breath took, in example of Charles V., a taper into his hand; and invited those by his bedside to repeat the prayer the Emperor himself had used on that occasion, and pronounced himself words among which were distinguished, '*Deus propitius esto mihi peccatori.*' A few minutes before his end the gown of a Franciscan friar and the hood of a Dominican were laid upon his bed, and in these, according to his desire, his corpse was laid out and buried.

Ruy Gomez, as the grand master of the Prince, conducted the funeral, which took place the same evening in royal state; the mockery of funereal pomp, heraldic blazonry, and the mourning mantles of nobles and princes were never more unmeaningly displayed. The body was temporarily placed at the monastery of Saint Dominic to await its final journey to the Escorial. A long line of monks and friars led the procession. The body was carried by the Dukes of Infantado, of Medina de Rioseco, by the Prince of Eboli, the Prior Antonio of Toledo, the Constable of Castille, the Marquises of Sarria and Aquilar, the Counts Olivarez, Chinchon, Lerma, Orgaz, and the Viceroy of Peru. The Bishop of Pampeluna walked behind the body assisted by his chaplains, in capes of black brocade. Then came on the right the Nuncio in the middle of the ambassadors, on the left the Councils of State and the Court, and, lastly, the Archdukes Rodolph and Ernest. The King saw the procession pass from a window of the palace.

The death of Don Carlos caused in Spain universal grief. His end was lamented both by the nobles and by the people. The nobility, whose part in the government had been reduced to the empty privileges of waiting in the antechamber and figuring in state ceremony, and who felt their insignificance the more from the gloomy austerity and haughty seclusion of a Monarch,

shrouding his councils and his throne from their sight in a cloud of impenetrable darkness, hoped that the frank and generous qualities which undoubtedly existed in the nature of Don Carlos would, when he mounted the throne, find pleasure in giving the monarchy its old aspect, and in admitting the nobility to their ancient share in its administration. The people likewise looked forward to a change of government of a more liberal and humane aspect, and a deliverance from the oppressive terror and gloom which weighed heavily on the whole nation; and the fervency of such hopes is vividly expressed in the popular poetry of the time — the most undeniable testimony of national feeling. But perhaps the most convincing proof that the nature of Don Carlos was not so incorrigible as Philip and his courtiers endeavoured to have it represented, is to be found in a despatch of the Baron von Dietrichstein, in which he gives an account of a conversation which he held a short time before the death of Don Carlos with Fray Diego de Chaves, the confessor of the Prince; and who, from having been placed in that position by Philip himself, may naturally be supposed not to have been hostile to the King. The confessor assured Dietrichstein that the Prince was as good a Catholic, and had as firm a belief in the truths of religion, as was possible. That not only had he never entertained the notion of attempting the life of his father, but such an idea had never entered his head. He said that Don Carlos had many defects which he would neither deny nor excuse, but added, that in his opinion, these were to be attributed rather to the defects of his education and to the stubbornness of nature which characterized him, than to any want of reason; that he trusted the punishment inflicted upon him would serve as a *correctio morum*, and teach him to know himself; and that in time if that were realised, as he Fray Diego de Chaves believed, he was persuaded that Don Carlos would become a good and virtuous prince, for that really good qualities were to be observed in him by the side of his vices.

The opinion of Brantôme, who had known the Prince, coincides with that of the confessor. 'I believe,' he wrote, 'that after the Prince had cast away his wild passions, like the young colts, and had passed the great heats of his first youth, he would have become a very great prince, and a warrior and a statesman.'

The Emperor Maximilian likewise persevered, as long as the Prince was alive, in entertaining hopes of the restoration of

Don Carlos to liberty, and of the permanent reformation of his life and character. He continued to reiterate supplications to the King in behalf of his unfortunate nephew, and never abandoned the idea that the engagement to the Archduchess Anne was still to be fulfilled, and he declined all consideration of a French proposal for the hand of his daughter, who herself became seriously indisposed from sympathy with the misfortunes of her betrothed Prince. Finding that his prayers by letter were of no avail to change the purpose of Philip, he resolved, first, to go himself to Madrid and use his personal entreaty with his brother-in-law, but the affairs of Germany making it impossible for him to quit Vienna, he determined to despatch his brother the Archduke Charles with an autograph letter. The departure of the Archduke was fixed for the 4th of September, but a short time before that date, news of the death of Don Carlos reached Vienna.

The disturbed condition of Germany, and the exasperated state of public feeling caused by the arbitrary acts and the sanguinary cruelties of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, still rendered the journey of the Archduke Charles desirable, who accordingly started from Vienna on the 22nd of October, and reached Madrid on the 10th of December; while on the road, he had intelligence of the death of the gentle-hearted Isabella de la Paz, at the age of twenty-three, surviving Don Carlos not much more than two months. The Archduke had received instructions to obtain the consent of the King to the marriage of the Archduchess Anne with Charles IX.; but when informed of the death of the Queen of Spain, Maximilian changed his plans, and the hand of the Archduchess was offered to Philip himself, who thus became, by another singular caprice of destiny, for a second time the husband of a princess who had been betrothed to his unfortunate son.

This, his fourth wife, Philip also was destined to survive. She was, however, the longest-lived of all his queens, dying in 1580. Their married life thus lasted ten years. Philip had by her the son who succeeded him, Philip III., endowed with a gloomy nature more congenial to his own than the wild and impetuous Don Carlos. By Elizabeth of Valois, Philip II. had two daughters, one of whom, Catherine, married Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy; the other, Clara Isabella, was his favourite child, and attended him on his death-bed; this princess, during the time of the League, was put forward as a claimant for the crown of France on the

extinction of the males of the House of Valois: she eventually married the Archduke Albert, and became Regent of the Low Countries. Mr. Motley relates that it was with reference to her that Philip formed the inconceivable design of a marriage with his own daughter.

The body of Don Carlos was subsequently removed to the Mausoleum of the Escorial; the mystery which enveloped his fate, and a tradition of his having been decapitated, caused his coffin to be twice violated and laid open — once in 1795 by a monk of the Escorial, who has left a written account of his examination, and subsequently by Colonel Bory de Saint-Vincent, of the French army, in 1812. The former visitor satisfied himself that the head was unsevered from the body. From the result of both investigations it appeared that Don Carlos when he died was in a very attenuated condition, and Colonel Bory found a good deal of the hair of the unfortunate Prince red and brittle with the action of time and of the quick-lime with which the coffin was filled up.

EARLY WOOING.

I.

INDULGENCE in a retrospect,
My memory discovers
A time, that you may recollect,
When you and I were lovers.
And, I remember well, you were
The best of little creatures,
With locks that clustered, thick and fair,
Round undeveloped features.

II.

Then you, my winsome little Fan,
As yet were barely seven;
And I a weather-beaten man
Of very near eleven,
Not much renown'd for anything,
A stranger to ecstasies,
Extremely fond of cricketing,
And not of mathematics.

III.

Such sympathy as you would show
I ne'er encounter'd after;
You wept right sore when I was low,
When happy, shook with laughter;
When I was punish'd, to my pain
Such kisses you accorded,
I hoped I should be flogged again
To be so well rewarded.

IV.

The day was fix'd — that is, I mean,
We vow'd, with kisses plenty,
To wed, when you were seventeen,
And I was one-and-twenty.
This sad delay was the result
Of calculations narrow:
I thought it might be difficult
To keep a wife at Harrow.

V.

Full twenty years have pass'd since then.
You're married — more's the pity!
Your husband, worthiest of men,
Has business in the City.
And lots of merry children press
Around the knee maternal,
Whose never-ceasing joyousness
Is not at all supernal.

VI.

And I, on whatsoever I'm bent,
From Camberwell to Carrick,
While passing bills in Parliament,
Or bottles at the Garrick,
While lounging on the steps at White's
Or 'neath Tod Heatley's awning,
Smoking a strong cigar o' nights,
Or mild one in the morning —

VII.

Conversing "horse" with Tattersall,
Or "shooting-coat" with Skinner,
At Naples' public carnival,
At Friendship's private dinner —
Though but an ordinary man,
Pleasure or gain pursuing,
I've ne'er forgotten little Fan,
And Childhood's early wooing.
— *All the Year Round.*

MR. GLADSTONE was compelled in his last budget to mention the death of a private individual, Mr. Thornton, whose wealth was so enormous that the legacy duty received perceptibly affected the national revenue. Mr. Thornton, however, left only two and a half millions, and the *Cambrian*, a respectable Welsh paper, now declares that the property of the late Mr. Crawshaw, the ironmaster, the bulk of which is bequeathed to his youngest son, exceeds seven millions. If that statement is correct, of which we know nothing, but the *Cambrian* gives details, Mr. Crawshaw must have been the largest, or nearly the largest, holder of personality in Europe. The Rothschilds are said to hold their wealth as family rather than individual property, and we question if outside that powerful clan there is a man in Europe whose spendable wealth, apart from his settled lands, much exceeds five millions, and there are probably not ten who reach that figure.

— *Spectator.*

CHAPTER X.

THE DROPPINGS OF A GREAT DIPLOMATIST.

WHEN a man's manner and address are very successful with the world — when he possesses that power of captivation which extends to people of totally different tastes and habits, and is equally at home, equally at his ease, with young and old, with men of grave pursuits and men of pleasure — it is somewhat hard to believe that there must not be some strong sterling quality in his nature; for we know that the base metals never bear gilding, and that it is only a waste of gold to cover them with it.

It would be, therefore, very pleasant to think that if people should not be altogether as admirable as they were agreeable, yet that the qualities which made the companionship so delightful should be indications of deeper and more solid gifts beneath. Yet I am afraid the theory will not hold. I suspect that there are a considerable number of people in this world who go through life trading on credit, and who renew their bills with humanity so gracefully and so cleverly, they are never found out to be bankrupts till they die.

A very accomplished specimen of this order was Lord Culduff. He was a man of very ordinary abilities, commonplace in every way, and who had yet contrived to impress the world with the notion of his capacity. He did a little of almost everything. He sung a little, played a little on two or three instruments, talked a little of several languages, and had smatterings of all games and field-sports, so that to every seeming, nothing came amiss to him. Nature had been gracious to him personally, and he had a voice very soft and low and insinuating.

He was not an impostor, for the simple reason that he believed in himself. He actually had negotiated his false coinage so long that he got to regard it as bullion, and imagined himself to be one of the first men of his age.

The bad bank-note, which has been circulating freely from hand to hand, no sooner comes under the scrutiny of a sharp-eyed functionary of the bank than it is denounced and branded; and so Culduff would speedily have been treated by any one of those keen men who, as Ministers, grow to acquire a knowledge of human nature as thorough as of the actual events of the time.

The world at large, however, had not this estimate of him. They read of him as a special envoy here, an extraordinary min-

ister there, now negotiating a secret treaty, now investing a Pasha of Egypt with the Bath; and they deemed him not only a trusty servant of the Crown, but a skilled negotiator, a deep and accomplished diplomatist.

He was a little short-sighted, and it enabled him to pass objectional people without causing offence. He was slightly deaf, and it gave him an air of deference in conversation which many were charmed with; for whenever he failed to catch what was said, his smile was perfectly captivating. It was assent, but dashed with a sort of sly flattery, as though it was to the speaker's ingenuity he yielded, as much as to the force of the conviction.

He was a great favourite with women. Old ladies regarded him as a model of good *ton*; younger ones discovered other qualities in him that amused them as much. His life had been anything but blameless, but he had contrived to make the world believe he was more sinned against than sinning, and that every mischance that befel him came of that unsuspecting nature and easy disposition of which even all his experience of life could not rob him.

Cutbill read him thoroughly; but though Lord Culduff saw this, it did not prevent him trying all his little pretty devices of pleasing on the man of culverts and cuttings. In fact, he seemed to feel that though he could not bring down the bird, it was better not to spoil his gun by a change of cartridge, and so he fired away his usual little pleasantries, well aware that none of them were successful.

He had now been three days with the Bramleighs, and certainly had won the suffrages, though in different degrees, of them all. He had put himself so frankly and unreservedly in Colonel Bramleigh's hands about the coal-mine, candidly confessing the whole thing was new to him, he was a child in money matters, that the banker was positively delighted with him.

With Augustus he had talked politics confidentially, — not questions of policy nor statecraft, not matters of legislation or government, but the more subtle and ingenious points as to what party a young man entering life ought to join, what set he should attach himself to, and what line he should take to insure future distinction and office. He was well up in the gossip of the House, and knew who was disgusted with such an one, and why so and so "wouldn't stand it" any longer.

To Temple Bramleigh he was charming. Of the "line," as they love to call it, he

knew positively everything. Nor was it merely how this or that legation was conducted, how this man got on with his chief, or why that other had asked to be transferred; but he knew all the mysterious goings-on of that wonderful old repository they call "the Office." "That's what you must look to, Bramleigh," he would say, clapping him on the shoulder. "The men who make plenipotes and envoys are not in the Cabinet, nor do they dine at Osborne; they are fellows in seedy black, with brown umbrellas, who cross the Green Park every morning about eleven o'clock, and come back over the self-same track by six of an evening. Staid old dogs, with crape on their hats, and hard lines round their mouths, fond of fresh caviare from Russia, and much given to cursing the messengers."

He was, in a word, the incarnation of a very well-bred selfishness, that had learned how much it redounds to a man's personal comfort that he is popular, and that even a weak swimmer who goes with the tide, makes a better figure than the strongest and bravest who attempts to stem the current. He was, in his way, a keen observer, and a certain haughty tone, a kind of self-assertion in Marion's manner, so distinguished her from her sister, that he set Cutbill to ascertain if it had any other foundation than mere temperament; and the wily agent was not long in learning that a legacy of twenty thousand pounds in her own absolute right from her mother's side accounted for these pretensions.

"I tell you, Cutty, it's only an old diplomatist, like myself, would have detected the share that bank debentures had in that girl's demeanour. Confess, sir, it was a clever hit."

"It was certainly neat, my lord."

"It was more, Cutty; it was deep — downright deep. I saw where the idiosyncrasy stopped, and where the dividends came in."

Cutbill smiled an approving smile, and his lordship turned to the glass over the chimney-piece and looked admiringly at himself. "Was it twenty thousand you said?" asked he, indolently.

"Yes, my lord, twenty. Her father will probably give her as much more. Harding told me yesterday that all the younger children are to have share and share alike — no distinction made between sons and daughters."

"So that she'll have what a Frenchman would call 'un million de dot.'"

"Just what we want, my lord, to start our enterprise."

"Ah, yes. I suppose that would do; but we shall do this by a company, Cutty. Have you said anything to Bramleigh yet on the subject?"

"Nothing further than what I told you yesterday. I gave him the papers with the surveys and the specifications, and he said he'd look over them this morning, and that I might drop in upon him to-night in the library after ten. It is the time he likes best for a quiet chat."

"He seems a very cautious, I'd almost say, a timid man."

"The City men are all like that, my lord. They're always cold enough in entering on a project, though they'll go rashly on after they've put their money in it."

"What's the eldest son?"

"A fool — just a fool. He urged his father to contest a county, to lay a claim for a peerage. They lost the election and lost their money; but Augustus Bramleigh persists in thinking that the party are still their debtors."

"Very hard to make Ministers believe that," said Culduff, with a grin. "A vote in the House is like a bird in the hand. The second fellow, Temple, is a poor creature."

"Ain't he? Not that he thinks so."

"No; they never do," said Culduff, caressing his whiskers, and looking pleasantly at himself in the glass. "They see one or two men of mark in their career, and they fancy — heaven knows why — that they must be like them; that identity of pursuit implies equality of intellect; and so these creatures spread out their little sails, and imagine they are going to make a grand voyage."

"But Miss Bramleigh told me yesterday you had a high opinion of her brother Temple."

"I believe I said so," said he, with a soft smile. "One says these sort of things every day, irresponsibly, Cutty, irresponsibly, just as one gives his autograph, but would think twice before signing his name on a stamped paper."

Mr. Cutbill laughed at this sally, and seemed by the motion of his lips as though he were repeating it to himself for future retail; but in what spirit, it would not be safe perhaps to inquire.

Though Lord Culduff did not present himself at the family breakfast-table, and but rarely appeared at luncheon, pretexting that his mornings were always given up to business and letter-writing, he usually came down in the afternoon in some toilet admirably suited to the occasion, whatever it

might be, of riding, driving, or walking. In fact, a mere glance at his lordship's costume would have unmistakably shown whether a canter, the croquet lawn, or a brisk walk through the shrubberies were in the order of the day.

"Do you remember, Cutty," said he suddenly, "what was my engagement for this morning? I promised somebody to go somewhere and do something; and I'll be shot if I can recollect."

"I am totally unable to assist your lordship," said the other with a smile. "The young men, I know, are out shooting, and Miss Eleanor Bramleigh is profiting by the snow to have a day's sledging. She proposed to me to join her, but I didn't see it."

"Ah! I have it now, Cutty. I was to walk over to Portshandon, to return the curate's call. Miss Bramleigh was to come with me."

"It was scarcely gallant, my lord, to forget so charming a project," said the other slyly.

Gallantry went out, Cutty, with slashed doublets. The height and the boast of our modern civilization is to make women our perfect equals, and to play the game of life with them on an absolutely equal footing."

"Is that quite fair?"

"I protest I think it is, except in a few rare instances, where the men unite to the harder qualities of the masculine intelligence, the nicer, finer, most susceptible instincts of the other sex — the organization that more than any other touches on excellence; — except, I say, in these cases, the women have the best of it. Now what chance, I ask you, would *you* have, pitted against such a girl as the elder Bramleigh?"

"I'm afraid a very poor one," said Cutbill, with a look of deep humility.

"Just so, Cutty, a very poor one. I give you my word of honour I have learned more diplomacy beside the drawing-room fire than I ever acquired in the pages of the blue-books. You see it's a quite different school of fence they practise; the thrusts are different and the guards are different. A day for furs essentially, a day for furs," broke he in, as he drew on a coat lined with sable, and profusely braided and ornamented.

"What was I saying? where were we?"

"You were talking of women, my lord."

"The faintest tint of scarlet in the under vest — it was a device of the Regent's in his really great day — is always effective in cold, bright, frosty weather. The tint is carried on to the cheek, and adds brilliancy to the eye. In duller weather a coral pin in the gravat will suffice; but, as David

Wilkie used to say, 'Nature must have her bit of red.'"

"I wish you would finish what you were saying about women, my lord. Your remarks were full of originality."

"Finish! finish, Cutty! It would take as many volumes as the 'Abridgment of the Statutes' to contain one-half of what I could say about them; and, after all, it would be Sanscrit to you." His lordship now placed his hat on his head, slightly on one side. It was the "tigerism" of a past period, and which he could no more abandon than he could give up the jaunty swagger of his walk, or the bland smile which he kept ready for recognition.

"I have not, I rejoice to say, arrived at that time of life when I can affect to praise bygonnes; but I own, Cutty, they did everything much better five-and-twenty years ago than now. They dined better, they dressed better, they drove better, they turned out better in the field and in the park, and they talked better."

"How do you account for this, my lord?"

"Simply in this way, Cutty. We have lowered our standard in taste just as we have lowered our standard for the army. We take fellows five feet seven into grenadier companies now; that is, we admit into society men of mere wealth — the banker, the brewer, the railway director, and the rest of them; and with these people we admit their ways, their tastes, their very expressions. I know it is said that we gain in breadth: yet, as I told Lord Cocklethorpe, (the mot had its success,) what we gain in breadth, said I, we lose in height. Neat, Cutty, wasn't it? As neat as a mot well can be in our clumsy language." And with this, and a familiar bye bye, he strolled away, leaving Cutbill to practise before the glass such an imitation of him as might serve, at some future time, to convulse with laughter a select and admiring audience.

CHAPTER XI.

A WINTER DAY'S WALK.

LORD CULDUFF and Marion set out for their walk. It was a sharp frosty morning, with a blue sky above and crisp snow beneath. We have already seen that his lordship had not been inattentive to the charms of costume. Marion was no less so; her dark silk dress, looped over a scarlet petticoat, and a tasteful hat of black astracan, well suited the character of looks where the striking and brilliant were as conspicuous

as dark eyes, long lashes, and a bright complexion could make them.

"I'll take you by the shrubberies, my lord, which is somewhat longer, but pleasanter walking, and if you like it, we'll come back by the hill path, which is much shorter."

"The longer the road the more of your company, Miss Bramleigh. Therein lies my chief interest," said he, bowing.

They talked away pleasantly as they went along, of the country and the scenery, of which new glimpses continually presented themselves, and of the country people and their ways, so new to each of them. They agreed wonderfully on almost everything, but especially as to the character of the Irish — so simple, so confiding, so trustful, so grateful for benefits, and so eager to be well governed. They knew it all, the whole complex web of Irish difficulty and English misrule was clear and plain before them; and then, as they talked, they gained a height from which the blue broad sea was visible, and thence descried a solitary sail afar off, that set them speculating on what the island might become when commerce and trade should visit her, and rich cargoes should cumber her quays, and crowd her harbours. Marion was strong in her knowledge of industrial resources; but as an accomplished aide-de-camp always rides a little behind his chief, so did she restrain her acquaintance with these topics, and keep them slightly to the rear of all his lordship advanced. And then he grew confidential, and talked of coal, which ultimately led him to himself, the theme of all he liked the best. And how different did he talk now! What vigour and animation, what spirit did he not throw into his sketch! It was the story of a great man unjustly, hardly, dealt with, persecuted by an ungenerous rivalry, the victim of envy. For half, ay, for the tithe of what he had done, others had got their advance in the peerage — their blue ribbons and the rest of it; but Canning had been jealous of him, and the Duke was jealous of him, and Palmerston never liked him. "Of course," he said, "these are things a man buries in his own breast. Of all the sorrows one encounters in life, the slights are those he last confesses; how I came to speak of them now I can't imagine — can you?" and he turned fully towards her, and saw that she blushed and cast down her eyes at the question.

"But, my lord," said she, evading the reply, "you give me the idea of one who would not readily succumb to an injustice. Am I right in my reading of you?"

"I trust and hope you are," said he

haughtily; "and it is my pride to think I have inspired that impression on so brief an acquaintance."

"It is my own temper too," she added. "You may convince; you cannot coerce me."

"I wish I might try the former," said he, in a tone of much meaning.

"We agree in so many things, my lord," said she laughingly, "that there is little occasion for your persuasive power. There, do you see that smoke-wreath yonder? that's from the cottage where we're going."

"I wish I knew where we were going," said he with a sigh of wonderful tenderness.

"To Roseneath, my lord. I told you the L'Estranges lived there."

"Yes: but it was not that I meant," added he feelingly.

"And a pretty spot it is," continued she, purposely misunderstanding him; "so sheltered and secluded. By the way, what do you think of the curate's sister? She is very beautiful, isn't she?"

"Am I to say the truth?"

"Of course you are."

"I mean, may I speak as though we knew each other very well, and could talk in confidence together?"

"That is what I mean."

"And wish?" added he.

"Well, and wish, if you will supply the word."

"If I am to be frank, then, I don't admire her."

"Not think her beautiful?"

"Yes; there is some beauty — a good deal of beauty, if you like; but somehow it is not allied with that brightness that seems to accentuate beauty. She is tame and cold."

"I think men generally accuse her of coquetry."

"And there is coquetry too; but of that character the French call *minauderie*, the weapon of a very small enchantress, I assure you."

"You are, then, for the captivations that give no quarter?" said she, smiling.

"It is a glory to be so vanquished," said he, heroically.

"My sister declared the other night, after Julia had sung that barcarole, that you were fatally smitten."

"And did you concur in the judgment?" asked he tenderly.

"At first, perhaps I did, but when I came to know you a little better" —

"After our talk on the terrace?"

"And even before that. When Julia was singing for you, — clearly for you, there

was no disguise in the matter, and I whispered you, 'What courage you have!' you said, 'I have been so often under fire,' — from that instant I knew you."

"Knew me, — how far?"

"Enough to know that it was not to such captivations you would yield, — that you had seen a great deal of that sort of thing."

"Oh, have I not!"

"Perhaps not always unscathed," said she, with a sly glance.

"I will scarcely go that far," replied he, with the air of a man on the best possible terms with himself. "They say he is the best rider who has had the most falls. At least, it may be said that he who has met no disasters has encountered few perils."

"Now, my lord, you can see the cottage completely. Is it not very pretty, and very picturesque, and is there not something very interesting, — touching almost, in the thought of beauty and captivation, — dwelling in this untraveller wilderness?"

He almost gave a little shudder, as his eye followed the line of the rugged mountain, till it blended with the bleak and shingly shore on which the waves were now washing in measured plash, — the one sound in the universal silence around.

"Nothing but being desperately in love could make this solitude endurable," said he at last.

"Why not try that resource, my lord? I could almost promise you that the young lady who lives yonder is quite ready to be adored and worshipped, and all that sort of thing; and it would be such a boon on the frosty days, when the ground is too hard for hunting, to have this little bit of romance awaiting you."

"Coquetry and French cookery pall upon a man who has lived all his life abroad, and he actually longs for a little plain diet, in manners as well as meals."

"And then you have seen all the pretty acts of our very pretty neighbour so much better done."

"Done by real artists," added he.

"Just so. Amateurship is always a poor thing. This is the way, my lord. If you will follow me, I will be your guide here; the path is very slippery, and you must take care how you go."

"When I fall, it shall be at your feet," said he, with his hand on his heart.

As they gained the bottom of the little ravine down which the footpath lay, they found Julia, hoe in hand, at work in the garden before the door. Her dark woollen dress and her straw hat were only relieved in colour by a blue ribbon round her throat,

but she was slightly flushed by exercise, and a little flurried perhaps by the surprise of seeing them, and her beauty, this time, certainly lacked nothing of that brilliancy which Lord Culduff had pronounced it deficient in.

"My brother will be so sorry to have missed you, my lord," said she, leading the way into the little drawing-room, where, amidst many signs of narrow fortune, there were two or three of those indications which vouch for cultivated tastes and pleasures.

"I had told Lord Culduff so much about your cottage, Julia," said Marion, "that he insisted on coming to see it, without even apprising you of his intention."

"It is just as well," said she artlessly. "A little more or less sun gives the only change in its appearance. Lord Culduff sees it now as it looks nearly every day."

"And very charming that is," said he, walking to the window and looking out; and then he asked the name of a headland, and how a small rocky island was called, and on which side lay the village of Portshandon, and at what distance was the church, the replies to which seemed to afford him unmixed satisfaction, for as he resumed his seat he muttered several times to himself, "Very delightful indeed; very pleasing in every way."

"Lord Culduff was asking me, as he came along," said Marion, "whether I thought the solitude — I think he called it the savagery of this spot — was likely to be better borne by one native to such wildness, or by one so graced and gifted as yourself, and I protest he puzzled me."

"I used to think it very lonely, when I came here first, but I believe I should be sorry to leave it now," said Julia calmly.

"There, my lord," said Marion, "you are to pick your answer out of that."

"As to those resources, which you are so flattering as to call my gifts and graces," said Julia, laughing, "such of them at least as lighten the solitude were all learned here. I never took to gardening before; I never fed poultry."

"Oh, Julia! have mercy on our illusions."

"You must tell me what they are, before I can spare them. The curate's sister has no claim to be thought an enchanted princess."

"It is all enchantment!" said Lord Culduff, who had only very imperfectly caught what she said.

"Then I suppose, my lord," said Marion, haughtily, "I ought to rescue you before

the spell is complete, as I came here in quality of guide." And she rose as she spoke. "The piano has not been opened to-day, Julia. I take it you seldom sing of a morning."

"Very seldom indeed."

"So I told Lord Cudluff; but I promised him his recompense in the evening. You are coming to us to-morrow, ain't you?"

"I fear not. I think George made our excuses. We are to have Mr. Longworth and a French friend of his here with us."

"You see, my lord, what a gay neighbourhood we have; here is a rival dinner-party," said Marion.

"There's no question of a dinner, they come to tea, I assure you," said Julia, laughing.

"No, my lord, it's useless, quite hopeless. I assure you she'll not sing for you of a morning." This speech was addressed to Lord Cudluff, as he was turning over some music-books on the piano.

"Have I your permission to look at these?" said he to Julia, as he opened a book of drawings in water-colours.

"Of course, my lord. They are mere sketches taken in the neighbourhood here, and as you will see, very hurriedly done."

"And have you such coast scenery as this?" asked he, in some astonishment, while he held up a rocky headland of several hundred feet, out of the caves at whose base a tumultuous sea was tumbling.

"I could show you finer and bolder bits than even that."

"Do you hear, my lord?" said Marion, in a low tone, only audible to himself. "The fair Julia is offering to be your guide. I'm afraid it is growing late. One does forget time at this cottage. It was only the last day I came here I got scolded for being late at dinner."

And now ensued one of those little bustling scenes of shawling and embracing with which young ladies separate. They talked together, and laughed, and kissed, and answered half-uttered sentences, and even seemed after parting to have something more to say; they were by turns sad, and playful, and saucy — all of these moods being duly accompanied by graceful action, and a chance display of a hand or foot, as it might be, and then they parted.

"Well, my lord," said Marion, as they ascended the steep path that led homewards, "what do you say now? Is Julia as cold and impassive as you pronounced her, or are you ungrateful enough to ignore fascinations all displayed and developed for your own especial captivation?"

"It was very pretty coquetry, all of it," said he, smiling. "Her eyelashes are even longer than I thought them."

"I saw that you remarked them, and she was gracious enough to remain looking at the drawing sufficiently long to allow you full time for the enjoyment."

The steep and rugged paths were quite as much as Lord Cudluff could manage without talking, and he toiled along after her in silence, till they gained the beach.

"At last a bit of even ground," exclaimed he, with a sigh.

"You'll think nothing of the hill, my lord, when you've come it three or four times," said she, with a malicious twinkle of the eye.

"Which is precisely what I have no intention of doing."

"What I not cultivate the acquaintance so auspiciously opened?"

"Not at this price," said he, looking at his splashed boots.

"And that excursion, that ramble, or whatever be the name for it, you were to take together?"

"It is a bliss, I am afraid, I must deny myself."

"You are wrong, my lord; very wrong. My brothers at least assure me that Julia is charming en tête-à-tête. Indeed, Augustus says one does not know her at all till you have passed an hour or two in such confidential intimacy. He says 'she comes out' — whatever that may be — wonderfully."

"Oh, she comes out, does she?" said he, caressing his whiskers.

"That was his phrase for it. I take it to mean that she ventures to talk with a freedom more common on the Continent than in these islands. Is that coming out, my lord?"

"Well, I half suspect it is," said he, smiling faintly.

"And I suppose men like that?"

"I'm afraid, my dear Miss Bramleigh," said he, with a mock air of deploring; "I'm afraid that in these degenerate days men are very prone to like whatever gives them least trouble in everything, and if a woman will condescend to talk to us on our own topics, and treat them pretty much in our own way, we like it, simply because it diminishes the distance between us, and saves us that uphill clamber we are obliged to take when you insist upon our scrambling up to the high level you live in."

"It is somewhat of an ignoble confession you have made there," said she, haughtily.

"I know it—I feel it—I deplore it," said he, affectedly.

"If men will, out of mere indolence—no matter," said she, biting her lip. "I'll not say what I was going to say."

"Pray do. I beseech you finish what you have so well begun."

"Were I to do so, my lord," said she, gravely, "it might finish more than that. It might at least go some way towards finishing our acquaintanceship. I'm sorely afraid you'd not have forgiven me had you heard me out."

"I'd never have forgiven myself, if I were the cause of it."

For some time they walked along in silence, and now the great house came into view—its windows all glowing and glittering in the blaze of a setting sun, while a faint breeze lazily moved the heavy folds of the enormous flag that floated over the high tower.

"I call that a very princely place," said he, stopping to admire it.

"What a caprice to have built it in such a spot," said she. "The country people were not far wrong when they called it Bishop's Folly."

"They gave it that name, did they?"

"Yes, my lord. It is one of the ways in which humble folk reconcile themselves to lowly fortune; they ridicule their betters." And now she gave a little low laugh to herself, as if some unuttered notion had just amused her.

"What made you smile?" asked he.

"A very absurd fancy struck me."

"Let me hear it. Why not let me share in its oddity?"

"It might not amuse you as much as it amused me."

"I am the only one who can decide that point."

"Then I'm not so certain it might not annoy you."

"I can assure you on that head," said he, gallantly.

"Well, then, you shall hear it. The caprice of a great divine has, so to say, registered itself yonder, and will live, so long as stone and mortar endure, as Bishop's Folly; and I was thinking how strange it would be if another caprice just as unaccountable were to give a name to a less pretentious edifice, and a certain charming cottage be known to posterity as the Viscount's Folly. You're not angry with me, are you?"

"I'd be very angry indeed with you, with myself, and with the whole world, if I thought such a casualty a possibility."

"I assure you, when I said it I didn't believe it, my lord," said she, looking at him with much graciousness; "and, indeed, I would never have uttered the impertinence if you had not forced me. There, there goes the first bell; we shall have short time to dress,"—and with a very meaning smile and a familiar gesture of her hand, she tripped up the steps and disappeared.

"I think I'm all right in that quarter," was his lordship's reflection as he mounted the stairs to his room.

£10,000 PER ANNUM.

If I had ten thousand a year

I think I could manage to spend it,
Could squander the half, very near,
And, as for the rest, — I could lend it.

Could squander the half, I should say,
On folly, on vice, and on sorrow,
On dreary debauches to-day.

Repentance and headache to-morrow.

Could purchase with half of my wealth,
Or less, if I cared to diminish,
Bad morals, bad conscience, bad health,
And a bad-ish look-out at the finish.

And the rest of my gold I could lend
The friend who in want had stood by me,
And lose both my money and friend
For thenceforward for ever he'd shy me.

If I had ten thousand a year,
The sentiment *may* seem clap-trappy,
I'm blest if I think it's so clear
I should not be sick and unhappy.

At present I've friends — very dear —
Health and comfort, as long as I'm thrifty,
So I don't want ten thousand a year,
I'm content with my hundred and fifty.

— *Fun.*

THE COST OF COAL.

Pile up the blazing fire
 Warm to our heart's desire,
 Let those who like inquire
 How hard the frost is ;
 But as the pleasant glow
 Quickens our spirits' flow,
 Surely we ought to know
 How much the cost is !

Not the cash price per ton ;
 But how the coal is won ;
 What manifold work is done
 By nerve and daring ;
 How much in mortal strain,
 Wearing out heart and brain,
 How much in grief and pain,
 Tears and despairing !

Think of the miner's toil,
 Fathoms beneath the soil,
 Long hours of weary toil,
 Working by one light ;
 Patient and strong and brave,
 Oft in that dismal cave,
 Digging himself a grave,
 Far from the sunlight.

Think what a dreary time !
 Ever he breathes a clime
 Heavy with heat and grime,
 Through every season ;
 Barrows through fields of coal,
 More as a giant mole,
 Than as with human soul,
 Guided by reason.

Works, as his lot is cast ;
 Works till some fatal blast
 Spreads, as it rushes past,
 Fear and amazement.
 Needless his fate to tell,
 Cramped in his narrow cell,
 Knowing, alas ! too well,
 What that quick blaze meant.

Hundreds of workers round
 Know that the cruel sound,
 Echoing under ground,
 Finds them defenceless ;
 Useless their safety lamp,
 Too late their hurried tramp,
 Caught by the fiery damp,
 Shattered and senseless.

Vainly they seek the shaft,
 Either by strength or craft
 Swifter the deadly draught
 Covers the distance.
 Lying, with pallid face,
 Each on the very place
 Where he gave up the race,
 Run for existence.

Pity those sturdy men,
 Ne'er to see home again,
 Hearty and hopeful when
 Leaving that morning ;
 Working in endless gloom,
 Meeting an awful doom,
 Sent to an early tomb—
 Sent without warning.

Not many hours before,
 Each at his cottage door
 Parted from those who bore
 Names that are dearest ;
 Having no thought nor fear
 That the dark hour was near
 When would be broken here
 Ties of the nearest :

Never to meet on earth
 Her who gave life its worth,
 Sharing his grief and mirth,
 Seeking his pleasure ;
 Never again to see
 Children in happy glee,
 Climbing about his knee,
 Brightening his leisure.

Quickly the news has spread
 Through the town overhead ;
 Not many words are said,
 All whisper sadly.
 Gallant men, good and brave,
 Hoping, at least, to save
 Some from a living grave,
 Venture down gladly.

Round that devoted pit
 Groups of mute women sit,
 Loth the sad spot to quit,
 Hoping, still hoping.
 While the men working there
 Do all that heroes dare,
 Through the dark poisoned air
 Painfully groping.

Fearful the risks they run
 Ere their sad duty done,
 Gives the dead, one by one,
 Back to their near ones,
 Watching, with straining eyes,
 As those still figures rise,
 Dreading to recognise
 One or more dear ones.

Piercing the wail and loud
 Wrung from that stricken crowd ;
 Wives with their faces bowed,
 Sisters, and mothers ;
 Bitter the tears they shed
 Over those quiet dead,
 Winners of daily bread,
 Husbands and brothers.

Think of their severed lives,
 Scarcely a man survives;
 Pity their weeping wives,
 Wives now no longer.
 Dry the lone widow's tear,
 Calm the sad mother's fear,
 Cherish her children dear
 Till they grow stronger.

Ever on wintry nights,
 As the bright fire and lights —
 Where are more pleasant sights? —
 Make the room cheerful,
 Spare one kind pitying thought,
 How the deep mine is wrought,
 With what dark perils fraught,
 Sudden and fearful.

Then, to sum up the whole,
 Paid as the price of coal,
 Add to the gloomy roll
 What the life lost is;
 Think that each miner's fate
 Leaves a home desolate,
 Then you may estimate
 How much the cost is.
 — *Saint Paul's.*

MR. GLADSTONE AND "ECCE HOMO." — Mr. Gladstone has contributed to the January number of *Good Words* — as every one knows — an article on the book "Ecce Homo." It is the most discriminating and elaborate vindication of the author's line of argument we have yet seen, and will in all probability give a fresh impetus to the sale of the book, and induce many persons to study it who have hitherto formed their opinion of it at second hand. Mr. Gladstone shows that the offence of the author of "Ecce Homo" is quite as much against the sceptics as against orthodoxy; inasmuch as he has succeeded in "bringing home to the reader's mind with a wonderful force and freshness this impression, that there is something or other called the Gospel, which whatever it be, has very strong, and what may even turn out to be very formidable claims not merely on the intellectual condescension, but on the loyal allegiance and humble obedience of mankind. To drive home this impression to the heart and mind of the nineteenth century, now already grown elderly and growing old, disturbs the self-complacency of a mind determined upon comfort, and naturally enough constitutes a grave offence in the views of those to whom the chequered, but still noble fabric of actual Christianity, still casting its majestic light and shadow over the whole civilized world, is a rank eyesore and an intolerable grievance." To the "objector on the side of orthodoxy this

volume, quite apart from those occasional offences (as we will call them) of language that have already been mentioned, delivers a most serious challenge," because it shows the character of our Lord on the human side only, whereas they hold, "that He is not a mere man, but is God made man; and that He ought not to be exhibited in any Christian work as a man only, but as God and man." Of such an objector Mr. Gladstone inquires, "whether their impatience of a detailed picture of our Lord in His humanity is really so unequivocal a sign of orthodoxy as they suppose; or whether, on the contrary, it may rather be a token that the religious mind among us has, from want of habitual cultivation, grown dry and irreciprocative on that side of the Christian creed, so that the kind of writing which they encounter with rebuke and suspicion is the very kind which is needed to bring us back to the full vigour of that mixed conception of the character and person of our Lord, which in reality according to the acknowledgment of nearly all communions of the Christian name, is the central idea of the Christian system." In answer to the charge that the author teaches half truths, Mr. Gladstone replies that while this is indeed "indefensible and mischievous when they are taught as whole truths," there is "an order and succession in the process of instruction, and that which is not good as a resting-place may be excellent and most necessary as a stage in an onward journey," for it must be remembered the author's method is tentative and not didactic. In concluding the first paper on the subject, Mr. Gladstone proceeds by a most careful examination of the facts to point out that the author of "Ecce Homo," in approaching our Lord's character on the human side, is not departing from the spirit of "the original and great evangelium of the Gospels themselves," nor even from their very form. We can hardly expect our words to reach many who have not had the opportunity of reading this remarkable article, appearing as it does in a magazine which penetrates to the interior of China, and is eagerly looked for by the Pitcairn Islanders! but we cannot withhold our testimony to its value and interest. — *Nonconformist.*

A BOOK is coming home from India which ought to be of rare interest. It is a collection of reports by the leading Indian officers as to native opinion on the comparative merits of Native and British Governments in India. It is said to be very frank, and if it contains the opinions of the great native politicians, of the men who bear rule in Native States, it will be almost invaluable to the Indian politician. We trust Sir Stafford Northcote will see that it is given to the public early, and if possible unedited. — *Spectator.*

RAISINS AND CURRANTS. — The numerous varieties of grapes which produce the various wines of commerce are the effects simply of different degrees of climate and soil. Thus we find that different districts produce fruit more or less valued for the abundance or richness of their juice. The smaller berries are generally the most esteemed for this purpose. In some districts, however, the produce is quite unfit for wine-making, and the fruits are then dried and form the raisins of our shops. All raisins, then, whether they be Muscatels, Valencias, or whatever variety, are in reality true grapes, differing from the wine grapes only in size, or the absence of the juicy principle which, to a considerable extent, develops into flesh or pulp. The best raisins are grown on the Spanish shores of the Mediterranean, the climate about Valencia and Malaga apparently suiting them better than anywhere else. But raisins are also extensively cultivated in the lower parts of Greece, as well as in other parts of the Continent. The Muscatel is the finest kind of raisin imported. The preparation or drying, upon which the value of the fruit to a great extent depends, is in its case conducted differently from that of the more common kinds. Usually the grapes are gathered in bunches when fully ripe, and hung up or spread out to dry. These are afterwards placed in vessels full of holes, and dipped in a lye made of wood ashes and vanilla, with the addition of a little salt and oil. This brings the saccharine juice to the surface, and causes the dark brown colour as well as the crystallization of sugar which is so characteristic of the cheaper fruit. The best varieties are simply dried in the sun before removal from the tree. The fruit is carefully watched, and when at the proper stage of ripeness the stalks of the bunches are partly cut through and allowed to hang till dry, the fruit by this means retaining its bloom, and being a light colour when dry. Amongst the many varieties of raisins known in commerce are Valentias, Denias, and Lexias from Spain, and Malagas from Malaga, in Granada. All these varieties of fruit are imported into this country in what are commercially called boxes and half boxes of half a hundredweight gross. The small light-coloured raisins known as Sultanas we receive from Smyrna, and, as everybody knows, these are devoid of "stones," or more properly seeds. This seedless form has been brought about by a higher state of cultivation, and usually fetches a higher price in the market. A common cheap fruit is also imported from Smyrna, quite the reverse of the little Sultanana, being of a very dark colour, and having very large seeds. The little black fruits, which in a culinary sense are of so much value, and which common usage and the corruption of a word has taught us to call currants, are likewise a small, seedless variety of grape. The word currant is derived from Corinth, which was originally the principal place of its cultivation. If the ancient Corinth no longer supplies

us with the bulk of this most useful fruit, the whole of our imports are still brought from the numerous islands of the Archipelago and the neighbouring shores of Asia Minor. — *Good Words.*

THE *Star* has published a poem of Garibaldi's, "Garibaldi's Answer to Victor Hugo, transmitted and done into English by an Oxford Graduate." It shows decisively that Garibaldi has no common command of poetical rhetoric, some of which (as translated by the Oxford graduate at least) is exceedingly keen and brilliant. Take this, for instance, in apology for accepting Victor Emanuel after dethroning Bomba:—

"To spare the Italy we loved this strain
Of the old agony borne all again,
We drove the Bourbon out and took that
other,—
Dethroned a corpse, and set up its sick brother!"

The poem is long, full of not so much the enthusiasm as the fanaticism of humanity, and entirely in Garibaldi's finest Shelleyan strain. There is one of his noble magnanimous touches in it,—we mean the italicized words on Louis Napoleon—

"Warned off from Mexico—foiled at Berlin—
He slew my lads—my Roman boys! to 'win
Prestige.' He won it. Ah! good Friend! thy
verse

Thunders the judgment of a righteous curse
On those soiled laurel leaves. But let him be,
He does the things he must! Wait thou and
see!

A little while his shameless scheme prevails,
A little while, and God's long-suffering fails.
And when he ends, *and we may pity him,*
The dawn will break on Europe dead and dim;
The dawn of brotherhood, and love, and peace,
The light of a new time, when there shall cease
This clang of armies over Christian lands;
And nations, tearing off their Lazarus-bands,
Shall rise,—see face to face,—and sadly say,
'Why were we foes? why did we serve—and
slay?'"

Can anything resemble more closely in tone the spirit of Shelley's *Hellas* ending with,—

"Oh cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to the dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh might it die or rest at last!"

— *Spectator.*